L. P. Fisher
L. P. FISHER'S ADVERTISING AGENCY, 41 Merchants' Ex., San Francisco, Cal.

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WOODLAND STANDARD.

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BY DWIGHT L. HACKETT,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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" " ½ " " "	5 00
" " ¼ " " "	3 00
Professional Cards, per month	1 00
Local Notices, per line, first insertion	10
Subsequent insertions	05

THOS. ROSS, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,

Office at Proctor's Drug Store. Residence, Railroad Street, opposite Christian Church,

WOODLAND, CAL.

DR. GEO. H. JACKSON,

SURGEON AND PHYSICIAN,

Woodland, Cal.

Office and residence over Whittemore & Higginson's Drug Store.

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PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

Office over Whittemore & Higginson's Drug Store, Main St. WOODLAND, CAL.

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All work warranted of best material and finest style of the art. Set of teeth on fine gold plate, $40, that used to cost in San Francisco $100. jy19

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Office at Drug Store. WINTERS, Yolo County, Cal.

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DENTISTS,

First-Class work and Moderate Charges. Office over Bank,

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Office hours from 8 A. M. to 5 P. M. One door west of Express Office, over Whittemore & Higginson's Drug Store,

WOODLAND, CAL.

W. P. WOMACK,

CONSTABLE.

Licensed Auctioneer for Yolo County.

Will attend to the collection af accounts.

WINTERS, CAL.

French Restaurant

WHEN YOU GO TO WOODLAND get your meals at the French Restaurant, where you will find the best table in Yolo county. OYSTERS served in every style.

TWO DOORS WEST OF EXPRESS OFFICE,

B. DENNERY, Prop.

DRESS MAKING!

MRS. JOHN WEBBER,

The Fashionable Dressmaker of Woodland, is constantly receiving from the East the latest styles of ladies apparel, which she fits to suit all tastes. When you are in Woodland, ladies,

GIVE HER A CALL.

BANK OF WOODLAND.

Capital Stock, $500,000.

J. D. STEPHENS.....President.
F. S. FREEMAN.....Vice-President.
C. W. BUSH.....Cashier.

Money Loaned on Rdal Estate, Personal or Collateral Security.

EXCHANGES DRAWN ON EASTERN OR EUROPEAN CITIES.

Collections Receive Prompt Attention.

County Warrants, Greenbacks, and all Negotiable Securities, bought and sold.

T. M. PRIOR,

SADDLE AND HARNESS MAKER

Importer from the East.

Everything in my line will be kept on hand or made to order in first-class style.

Two doors west of Express Office,

Main Street, Woodland.

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I. A. BUTZ,

Merchant Tailor.

Opposite Craft Hotel,

WOODLAND.

GOOD FITS GUARANTEED.

Charges moderate—All work warranted.

GEO. W. GREENE,

—Dealer in—

WATCHES,
CLOCKS,
JEWELRY,
SILVERWARE,

BOOKS, STATIONERY,

Musical Instruments and Fancy Goods.

College Block, Main St., Woodland.

PENDEGAST & CO.,

WOODLAND,

Wish to call the attention of their friends of Woodland and vicinity to the fact that they have added to their stock of

BOOTS AND SHOES,

A FULL LINE OF

GENTS' CLOTHING,

Furnishing Goods,

HATS, ETC.,

Which they are prepared to sell as cheap as any house in the country.

GIVE US A CALL.

mar15.

W. E. FIFIELD,

PRACTISING PHYSICIAN,

OFFICE AT MADISON DRUG STORE. PROfessional calls attended with promptness, Day and Night.

SIMMONDS' NABOB WHISKEY

THE PUREST AND BEST FOR ALL MEDICA AND FAMILY PURPOSES.

Has been sold in all the Eastern States and given universal satisfaction.

It is highly recommended by the Faculty for all cases of Nervousness, Weakness, Debility Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Etc.

It is now introduced to the public of the Pacific Slope, endorsed by the follswing certificates of the eminent Dr. S. Dana Hayes, State Assayer of Massachusetts, and Dr. H. C. Louderback, of St. Louis, Mo., both gentlemen prominent in their profession, and which is a guarantee to all buyers of its purity and quality.

I can show thousands of letters from private persons and from all parts of the Union and Canada, to testify to its merits and the benefit it has afforded as a family remedy and tonic.

Sold by all Druggist and Grocers by the case or bottle. Country orders promptly attended to

BY THE GALLON OR BARREL.

CAUTION.—None Genuine unless labeled with my Signature over the Cork.

G. SIMMONDS, Sold Proprietor.

Laboratory and Office, No. 4 State St., Boston, September 9, 1878.

GEORGE SIMMONDS, Esq.—Sir: The sample marked "Nabob Whisky," received from you, has been analyzed with the following results: It is of selected alcoholic strength and FREE FROM ADDED FLAVORING oils, acids, metals, or other deleterious substances.

The whisky is pure, of superior quality, and suitable for dietetic and medical purposes.

Respectfully, S. DANA HAYES,
State Assayer for Massachusetts.

ST. LOUIS, MO., Sept. 30, 1879.

G. SIMMONDS, Esq.—I have been using your Nabob Whisky for some time, and have no hesitation in saying that it is, without exception, the purest article I have used either medicinally or for family purposes. To many of my patients who have been suffering with indigestion and nervous affections, I have prescribed your Nabob Whisky for their use, and I take pleasure in saying to you the effect has been most satisfactory. Please send me by express six cases, also a sample case of your XXV. O. P. Brandy, C. O. D. and oblige yours, very truly, H. C. LOUDERBACK, M. D.

So long as there are ills to which flesh is heir, and the cares and labors of life to breed disease, so long will it be necessary to use medicine to conteract the evils produced and maintain the health of the human family. Many kinds of medicine are frequently offered to the public for one special disease and another, and if the truth were known it would doubtless be found that in the majority of cases these nostrums have done far more harm than good. Indeed one of the greatest evils of the present day is the existence of quack compounds which contain ingredients inimical to health, and the greatest care, therefore, should be taken by invalids, in using many unknown drugs which cannot be taken with impunity, no matter what may be alleged to the contrary.

Now, experience has shown that Nabob Whisky is one of the best medicinal preparations known, and is highly recommended by the Faculty for all cases of nervousness, weakness, debility, dyspepsia, indigestion, etc. Its popularity throughout the Eastern States has been great, and it comes to the Pacific Coast endorsed by the certificates of Dr. S. Dana Hayes, State Assayer of Massachusetts, and Dr. H. C. Lounderback of St. Louis, Missouri. These certificates are most direct in their statements, averring that Nabob Whisky is, without exception, the purest article that can be used either medicinally or for family purposes. It is particularly efficacious in cases of indigestion and nervous affections, and can be used with the utmost confidence. The analysis shows that this whisky is of standard alcoholic strength, and free from flavoring oils, acids, metals or other deleterous substances. Dr. Hayes further says that it is pure, of superior quality, and suitable for dietetic and medicinal purposes. Such recommendations are the strongest that can be furnished, and as there are thousands of letters testifying to the merits of the whisky as a family remedy and tonic, no further proof of its excellence need be given.

WHITTEMORE & HIGGINSON,

Sold Agents for Yolo County,

Main Street, - - - - Woodland.

JUAN MARIA OTAGO. THOS. MC LEOD

OTAGO & MC'LEOD.

Main Street, Winters.

BLACKSMITHING

—AND—

WAGON WORK.

Horseshoeing a Specialty.

C. B. CULVER,

Dealer in

STAPLE AND FANCY GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, WOOD AND WILLOW WARE,

CROCKERY, TOBACCO, Etc., Etc.

EXCELSIOR BLOCK, Main, St., Woodland.

sep27-tf.

MILLINERY.

MRS. FITZGERALD.

FASHIONABLE MILLINRY STORE.

COR. MAIN AND FIRST STREETS, WINTERS.

Has lately returned from San Francisco with a splendid stock of all the latest styles, which she will sell very cheap. She invites every one to call and examine her goods

How Buffalo Bill Served a Writ.

Buffalo Bill in his antobiography tells the following story of his official career in the far West:

"One morning a man came rushing up to my house and said that he wanted a writ of replevin to recover possession of a horse which a stranger was taking out of the country. I had no blank forms, and had not yet received the statutes of Nebraska to copy from, so I asked the man:

"Where is the man who has got your horse?"

"He is going up the road and is about two miles away," he replied.

"Very well, said I, "I will get the writ ready in a minute or two-"

"I saddled up my horse, and taking up my old reliable rifle, Lucretia, I said to the man: 'That's the best writ of replevin that I can think of; come along, and we'll get that horse or know the reason why.'"

We soon overtook the stranger, who was driving a herd of horses, and as we came up to him I said:

"Hallo, sir; I am an officer and have an attachment for that horse," and at the same time I pointed out the animal.

"Well, sir, what are you going to do about it?" he inquired.

"I propose to take you and the horse back to the post," said I.

"You can take the horse, but I haven't the time to return with you."

"You will have to take time, or pay the costs here and now," said I.

"How much are the costs?"

"Twenty dollars."

"Here's the money," said he, as he handed me the greenbacks.

I then gave him a little friendly advice, and told him that he was released from custody. He went on his way, a wiser and a poorer man, while the owner of the horse and myself returned to the fort. I pocketed the twenty dollars, of course. Some people might think it was not a square way of doing business but I didn't know any better just then. I had several little cases of this kind, and I became better posted on law in the course of time.

SOUNDING NIAGARA.—United States Engineers have recently sounded the Niagara river, a feat which has never before been successfully accomplished owing to the bungling and unscientific means employed by those who attempted it. Bars of railroad iron, pails of stones, and all unreasonable and bulky instruments had been attached to long lines, and had been cast off the railway bridge and elsewhere, but positively refused to sink. The very bulk of the instruments was sufficient, no matter what their weight, to give the powerful undercurrent a way to bouy them up upon the surface, or near it. By means of a small lead weighing twelve pounds however, and a slender cord, the depth from the falls to the lower bridge were easily obtained. One of the sounding party says that the approach to the falls in a small boat was made with great difficulty. Great jets of water were thrown out from the falls far into the stream, and the roar was so terrible that no other sound could be heard. The leadsman cast the line, which passed rapidly down and told off 83 feet. This was quite near the shore. Passing out of the friendly eddy which had aided them in approaching the falls, they shot rapidly down the stream. The next cast of the lead told off 100 feet deepening to 192 feet at the inclined railway. The average depth to the Swift Drift, where the river suddenly becomes narrow, with a velocity too great to be measured, was 153 feet. Just under the lower bridge the whirlpool rapids set in, and so violently are the waters moved that they rise like ocean waves to the hight of twenty feet above the surrounding level. Here the depth was computed to be 210 feet.

I love to hear the rumbling of the steam-power press better than the rattle and roar of artillery. It is silently attacking and vanquishing the Molakoffs of vice and Redans of evil; and its parallels and approaches cannot be resisted. I like the click of type in the composing stick better than the click of the musket in the hands of the soldier. It bears a leaden messenger of deadlier power, of sublimer force; and of a surer aim which will hit its mark, though it is distant a thousand years.—[Chapin.

The Average Radical Speech.

The central thought of all the speeches made by the distinguished Republican statesmen and politicians who have taken part in the Fall campaign, is, the Washington *Post* declares, antagonism to local administration of local affairs. It is not a mild, persuasive opposition, appealing to the sober, deliberate judgment of an intelligent, reflecting people but a deadly hostility, a blind, mad fury addressing itself to passion and prejudice. It ignores logic and the rules of evidence. It assumes its premises and jumps at its conclusions.

In face of the conceded facts that the Southern States are peaceful and prosperous; that they have produced unprecedented crops, and are making the most rapid strides in material prosperity these Republican orators, and most of the journals of that party, represent the South as a vast theatre of lawlessness and crime. where the white men devote their time to killing negroes and shooting "Independents," and the women are as industriously employed in teaching their children to hate the old flag and the Union.

Not an incident or fable of the war-times, not a lie that the outrage-mills have since produced, not a slander that malevolence has invented, is missing from the repertory of these artists. With the deliberate and preconcerted purpose of begetting hatred and intensifying malice, they use only such means as will best accomplish that object.

And when they have wrought up the feeling of their audience by theatrical devices and effect, reckless of truth and decency, and as devoid of patriotism as the devil is of piety; when the wounds of war have been clawed open and set to bleeding as of old; when skeletons of the Union dead have been rattled as an infernal accompaniment to their diabolical chorus; when the ghost of secession, hauled out of the grave in which it was lain fifteen years ago, has been paraded and put through its stage paces—then, with a damnable, dexterous wave of "the bloody shirt" and the whoop of a Comanche brave, they declare, as Sherman did in substance at the Cooper Institute; "Down with States, *we* will protect every citizen in all his rights werever the flag floats; *we*, the General Government, will do this. If the States are in the way, so much the worse for them."

That is the sum and substance of the average Radical campaign speech. It is as direct and dangerous an attack on the Constitution and the Union of States as the secession movement was in the Autumn of 1860. It is the duty of the Democratic party to fight this hersy whenever and wherever it shows its head.—[Examiner.

A NEW DISCOVERY.—A German scientist, after years of study and experiment, has succeeded in obtaining a chemical composition by means of which a mirror image may be fixed and sold as a photograph. With this composition the mirror surface is painted, and the back part of the mirror recieves also a coating of oil. The mirror thus prepared is held before the person who is to be photographed. The oil coating evaporates and the likeness of the person remains in natural colors on the light surface. The image so fixed is brought into a bath, and is exposed half an hour to the sunlight before delivery.

CRUEL INVENTION.—A Berlin genius has invented an instrument for turning over the leaves of music. The Berlin man is a presumptuous meddler. If his machine should come into general use, what disposition could be made of the average young man in high shirt collar and hair parted in the middle, who at evening social gatherings, stands up at the piano and turns over the music for the lady performers? He appears fit for no other purpose under the sun—or moon either.

A party of forty-seven persons, among whom there are twelve married couples and fourteen children, have lately sailed from Bergen, Norway, to colonize the uninhabited Aldabra Island in the Indian Ocean, 300 miles north of Madagascar, which is said to be admirably adapted to agricultural industry.

Style at Worth's.

If you want a realization of that much-talked-of quality, style, just go to Worth's and ask for "Miss Mary." An English brunette will respond to your summons—a brunette with large blue eyes and a slender figure, and a mien of blended reserve and dignity. She will take your orders with the air of a Queen, and will move to execute them with the step of a duchess. She is the very incarnation of style; that mysterious quality is diffused throughout her being, from the summit of her dark-tressed head down to the tip of her shapely slipper. Were she clad in a tow-bag, fastened around her waist with a hempen cord, she would impart to that garb a subtle air of elegance. She is always arrayed in some of the latest creations of the presiding divinity, and whatever it may be she looks well in it. Her smooth, pale complexion defies the effects of color, and she can wear pale green or golden yellow with equal impunity. Ruffs cannot deform her throat and puffed sleeves are powerless to impart an ungraceful carriage to her arms. She moves in a tie-back like a swan, and carries a train with the unconscious ease of a mermaid. She is never flustered or put out or impertinent or familar. Stout matrons and skinny maidens beholding the charm and grace of her appearance, ascribe it all to her gown, whereof they straitway order duplicates, making guys of themselves in the process. She is the worthy prime minister to the acknowledged king of fashion.

The Baby Plant.

No curiosity exhibited in this city for years has attracted such general attention as that wonderful plant at Shannahan's art gallery. Fully 3,000 people have visited this place to look upon the botanical wonder. It is said to be indigenous to Japan. Its technical term has not been ascertained, but it is known, and appropriately so, as the "baby plant." It is of the genus lily, sometimes attaining a height of four feet and blossoming semi-annually. The one of which we write is, however not more than twelve inches long and two inches wide. The flower is star-shaped, having five petals a handsome brown and yellow color. The calyx encircles and protects a tiny little figure that bears an exact resemblance to a nude baby, its little arms and legs outstretched, and the eyes distinctly marked. Hovering over this diminutive form is a small canopy, angel-shaped having extended arms and wings, and peering closely into the face of the infant. The family of plants of which the "baby" is a member produce not only the specimen now on exhibition, but also give perfect imitations, if such it can be designated, of different animals, insects and birds. Mrs. Mark Hopkins of San Francisco, has one of the latter varieties, for which $300 was paid. The plant grows to be about three feet in hight, when fully matured, and when in full bloom the one now in this city will look like a ship-wrecked foundling hospital.—[Portland, (Or.) Standard.

The Italian papers report a case of bigamy just tried before the Law Court at Salerno, which is another of those instances seeming to show that the institution of trial by jury is not suited for all human beings alike. The offender admitted the two marriages, which were otherwise proved, and the Judge summed up for a verdict of "Guilty," but the jury decided in the negative. The Judge, dismissing the prisoner, said: "Signor Musitano, you assert that you have married twice, but the gentlemen of the jury have declared that you have married either once nor twice; consequently I set you at liberty, and you may now marry a third time."

EYE DYEING.—"A learned German doctor," says a Paris paper "has discovered means of dyeing the eyes of animals in general, and of man in particular, any color that he pleases. He is accompanied on his travels of propagation by a dog with a rose-colored eye a cat with an orange-red eye, and a monkey with a chrome-yellow eye. But the most curious specimens of his art are a negro with one eye black and the other blue, and negress with one eye gold-colored and the other silver-white. The doctor says the process of transformation far from injuring the sight, strengthens and improves it."

THE WOODLAND STANDARD

WOODLAND, YOLO COUNTY, CAL.

DWIGHT L. HACKETT, - Proprietor

The End.

The course of the weariest river
  Ends in the great gray sea;
The acorn forever and ever,
  Strives upward to the tree;
The rainbow, the sky adorning,
  Shines promise through the storm;
The glimmer of coming morning
  Through midnight gloom will form.
By time all knots are riven,
  Complex although they be,
And peace will at the last be given,
  Dear, both to you and me.

Then, though the path may be dreary,
  Look onward to the goal;
Though the heart and the head be weary,
  Let faith inspire the soul,
Seek the right, though the wrong be tempting,
  Speak truth at any cost;
Vain is all weak exempting
  When once the gem is lost.
Let strong hand and keen eye be ready
  For plain and ambushed foes;
Though earnest and fancy steady
  Bear best unto the close.

The heavy clouds may be raining,
  But with evening comes the light;
Through the dark low winds complaining,
  Yet the sunrise gilds the height;
And love has his hidden treasure
  For the patient and the pure;
And time gives his full measure
  To the workers who endure;
And the word that no law has shaken
  Has the future pledges supplied;
For we know that when we awaken
  We shall be satisfied.

The Royal Zulu.

A TALE FOUNDED ON FACT.

Beneath the shade of a grove of palms, a Zulu maiden knelt in prayer on the morning of the fatal 23d of January, 1879. Her face was pretty beyond most of her countrywomen; and her small hands and feet, her distinguishing ornaments and graceful form, bespoke her the daughter of some powerful chief. But strange, considering her nationality, were the words of supplication which flowed from her lips, as she raised her clasped hands to heaven. Not from witchcraft or enchantment, or from the equally powerless deities of her nation did she seek for help; but from Him only, the one true God, Jehovah.

"Father!" she cried, "to whom all the ends of the earth look for help in trouble; hear me for the sake of Jesus. The evil spirit of war and persecution has come down, and entered my father's kraal; and Cetewayo has folded his hands and bowed his ear to listen. He has sworn to drink the blood of the white men, and eat up all the Christian Zulus of his nation. O Great Father! in this hour of trial, keep Cassatonga and me faithful to Thyself!"

The morning breezes rustled through the leaves, and deep-fringed palms moved their stately boughs, as if in response to the prayer, while the sparkling brook which flowed hard by seemed to murmur a low "Amen!"

At this moment, a movement beside her caused the worshiper to turn round; and she beheld a stately warrior standing beside her, leaning on his black shield. His eyes were fixed with unspeakable love on the youthful form before him. "Luola," he said, "your prayer for me is answered; I can fight no more for Cetewayo. Last night, the murder, indescribable in cruelty, of Sirayo's wives for their adherence of the Christian faith, proves what little mercy the king would show towards any one, even yourself, were you to oppose his will; and though it is our duty to bear persecution when it comes, it is no doubt equally madness to provoke it. Here we can no longer stay without declaring our faith, and, therefore, we we must fly with all haste to Helpmakaar. You know the good missionary there, the same who taught us the will of the Great Master, and beneath his care you will be safe from your father's wrath. This alternative is the only one left to us, and I feel it is the right one. Will you come now, Luola? My horse stands ready in the thicket."

"I will." And though the hand extended to him trembled, the voice was steady that decided their fate.

"By Rorke's Drift is our shortest road," he said, as they reached the tree where his horse was fastened; and placing the princess on its back, he mounted behind her, and turned his steed in the direction of the Buffalo. They traveled for some hours with extreme caution, skirting every kraal and open ground, till at length they arrived at a large, thickly-planted wood, in which they hoped to find an hour's repose. But they had scarcely dismounted ere the roar of artillery and the crackling of rifles, mingled with wild yells, were heard in the distance; Cassatonga hastened to conceal his royal charge before endeavoring to discover the cause. Hiding Luola and his horse in the densest part of the grove around him, he selected a lofty tree, whose thick branches would be a shield in themselves. Climbing with the agility of his nation to the topmost boughs, he beheld the fatal field of Isandula spread out before him. Amazement at the unexpected sight, and deep admiring pity flashed in his eyes as he looked on the tiny band of white men who, shoulder to shoulder, received unflinchingly the masses of his countrymen, as, like their own mountain torrents, they swept down upon them.

The first emotion of his heart was to fly to the aid of the devoted column; but the thought of his bride restrained him, and he sank back among the sheltering leaves. Straining his sight over the awful plain, he could distinguish his own fierce regiment, although foremost in the work of death, yet not so preoccupied therewith as to be unconscious of the plunder which lay around, pausing even in their butchery to collect cattle, stores and wagons to be driven to their distant kraals. Horror and disgust filled his now enlightened soul. "Why do those English soldiers stand there," he asked himself, as the breath came quickly through his laboring chest, "on that plain of Africa, far away from their island homes, to be shot down, steady in their matchless ranks, by their swarthy foes?" His own heart gave him the reply: "To save helpless women from the savage butchery he beheld last night; to guard the gray hairs of old age from going down to a terrible grave beneath the real or feigned imputations of witchcraft and divination; and above all, to teach the pure faith of the Gospel where reigned the degrading demonology of his native land." His dark eyes blazed and his pulses throbbed as these thoughts surged through his mind; and he pressed his hands over his aching eyeballs as he bowed himself to the service of the flag which shelters freedom and truth beneath its folds.

But meanwhile the work of death went on. Those who were sent for help to Rorke's Drift, were, alas! shot or assegaied; few, how few! reached the river, and Cassatonga beheld with dismay that the Zulus were scattering towards the Drift. Could he skirt the wood and reach the ford before them with his precious charge? was now his anxious thought. Descending quickly from his position, he found the trembling Luola terrified at his long absence. He described the awful scene he had just witnessed, and told her of the immediate necessity for endeavoring to cross the river.

The blood of the lion-like founder of her dynasty flowed in Luola's veins, and though convinced of imminent danger, she was not wanting in courage. "Let us go," she said, "God will help us, and be our shield."

Remounting, they rode on till they came to the edge of the wood, when a new danger menaced them which tested to the utmost the fleetness of their steed. Barely out of range of rifle-shot, some scattered parties of Zulus were coming towards them. Cassatonga knew well he could give no reason for not being with his troops, and the daughter of their king was not unknown. Were she seized and conducted back to her father, he dared not think of her fate. Urging his horse to a gallop, he cleared the wood, and by carefully placing every hill and clump of bushes between him and the savages, he succeeded in making several miles undiscovered.

But just as he and Luola were beginning to hope they might escape unnoticed, a yell in the distance told that they were seen. Now was the hour of trial for horse and riders. The noble animal seemed hardly to touch the ground as he flew along the plain, the wild yells of the Zulus ringing behind. At length the banks of the Buffalo rose high before them, and Cassatonga realized with horror that he had not time to look for the ford, and must only trust his nearly exhausted companion and breathless horse to the perils of a plunge from those lofty banks. But it was their last hope of safety; they must do it or die. At length they reach the bank, which rose full six feet above the stream. Cassatonga held the princess tightly in his arms, and the horse's nostrils dilated and his eyes shot fire as he gazed on the torrent beneath. But not a second did the noble animal waver; obedient to his master's hand he bounded from the bank, and in another moment tossed his noble head above the wave as he breasted the stream. In a few moments, however, his feet touched the bottom; the ford was found, and the worst of the terrible strain was over. At length they gained the opposite bank, up which the weary horse toiled slowly; and soon, to his rider's great astonishment, the small English camp lay before them.

The pair now paused to consult about their next move. The Zulus, they justly conjectured, would make no delay in crossing the river, and their poor horse was far too exhausted to carry them that night to Helpmakaar; therefore they unhesitatingly felt their wisest course would be to place themselves under the protection of the English commander. Tying a white handkerchief to the end of his spear, Cassatonga approached the camp; and when within ear-shot, he called out in a loud voice to the sentries, informing them that they were Christian Zulus, flying for safety. They were immediately seized, and brought before the officer in charge, who received them with much suspicion, as he had only just heard of the disaster of Isandula, and was in no mood to harbor Zulus of any kind. Their tale was soon told. But though the officer suppressed his pity for the sufferings of the royal maid, he gave orders to have them strictly watched, at the same time commanding that their wants should be supplied.

It is needless to give a description of the night that followed. All the world knows how, through the darkness, the tide of battle surged up, wave after wave, against the weak barriers of the life fort, and was again and again repulsed. All the world has rung with the names of Bromhead and Chard, and all the other heroes who, with strong hands and strong hearts, held the fort that night. But among them all who fought beneath the red cross flag, there was no stronger arm, no braver heart than his, the young Zulu chief, who had renounced friends, fortune, country, to enlist beneath the banner of a higher Cross, and strive henceforth for a more enduring victory. As the morning broke upon the scene, and disclosed the dusky foe, disheartened and defeated, vanishing like dark clouds behind the distant hills, the gallant officer begrimed with powder, seized the now scarcely darker hand of the noble Zulu, and thanked him as a British soldier for his timely aid. Luola felt in that moment she was rewarded for all the terrors of the night.

After some hours' needful rest at the fort, the young travelers prepared to resume their journey. They were followed by the benedictions of all. Luola had been untiring in her assistance to the wounded; and the dying were cheered by her words of comfort. Thus, amidst many good wishes, they bade farewell to their new friends, and accompanied by the officers bearing despatches they set out for Helpmakaar. The evening shadows were lengthening as they entered and rode through the streets of that town; and soon they were received with warm welcomes beneath the roof of the good missionary.

Not long afterwards, before these officers returned to their posts, they were called upon to witness the union of their Zulu comrade with his royal bride. The ceremony was performed by their friend, Mr. B——, in the words of the beautiful service of the English Church. And here let us leave them. They have set themselves resolutely to the task of preparing for that labor of love which they feel certain God will in his own good time open for them—a wide field of missionary work in their dear native land. Be it ours to pray for the success of all such noble hearts; and for the time when the swords of all the world shall be beaten into pruning-hooks, and the nations study war no more.—*Noah's N. Y. Sunday Times.*

The Good Old Deacon.

The squibs uttered against New England deacons have little or no justification. If a tub of butter or a barrel of apples is made up of alternate layers of good and bad, it is said to be "deaconed." The epithet does not refer to the character of deacons, but an old practice of "deaconing" a hymn.

Fifty or sixty years ago hymn-books were not so common as they now are. Some churches owned only two books. It was then the custom for one of the deacons to read two lines of a hymn, which the congregation sung. Other lines were read and sung in the same way, until the hymn was sung through. As a class, deacons have been the most trusted and influential men of New England villages. If a man died leaving property and a family, the deacon was made one of the executors, and the guardian of the widow and the fatherless. If the neighbors had a dispute about property, they "left it out" to the deacon. Was a son wayward, the good deacon was as frequently as the good pastor asked to "talk" with him.

In the "Recollections" of an old gentleman, an anecdote is told which illustrates the character of at least one of the New England deacons of the olden time.

Elisha Hawley, of Ridgefield, Conn., was a soldier of the Revolution and a deacon. He was a good man of business, but he never charged a purchaser one cent more than the article was worth. The Golden Rule was his rule of life.

One day he learned that a widow had been reduced from a competency to poverty. He visited her. Fearing lest he might wound her feelings if he should offer money or charity, he said:

"Madam, I think I owed your late husband fifty dollars, and I've come to pay it to you as his legal representative."

"How was that?" asked the lady, somewhat startled.

"I will tell you. About twenty-five years ago, soon after you were married, I made furniture for your husband to the amount of two hundred dollars. I have been looking over the account, and find that I rather overcharged him in the price of some chairs,—that is, I could have afforded them at somewhat less. I have added up the interest, and here, madam, is the money."

The tears came in the widow's eyes; she half suspected the deacon had constructed the debt by willing that he had made an overcharge. What was she to do?—the money was on the table, and the deacon had left the house.

Another Child Marriage.

Miss Jennie Hartman, of Santa Barbara, aged 12 years, was married last week to William Den, the bride's parents consenting to the union."

The above item was handed us by a friendly M. D., who smiled as he did it, knowing full well that the little *Journal* had a sensitive nerve that would thrill with quick pain at the thought of one so young being so cruelly sacrificed; one who might be so fair, if allowed to grow to womanly grace and perfection, being robbed of all life's loveliness, and that, too, by the consent of her parents. Society sanctions the crime; the law binds the fetters; religion makes no wail, and the medical profession, whose ignorance has beguiled the people into this sin of early marriages of girls, are as silent as the entombed dead. If girls completed their growth a few years sooner than boys, they would every one of them die sooner, and it does not require much scientific quibbling to prove this fact, nor a fathomless depth of wisdom either. Any fool might learn it in an hour, though but ten years old, and had not the misfortune to have been born of a child-mother so that his brain was like soft wax that it could not receive or hold an impression a moment. He would see that the animals about his feet, and the birds above his head, have their allotted time to live, and that there is no sex distinction marking the time of their demise.

Why don't some one of the profession, from out the giddy elevation of high authority, speak in thunder-tones to the women below; their mothers — the mothers of men. Say to them, that it takes as many years to bring your daughters to full-rounded womanhood as it does your sons to perfect physical symmetry and manly strength; and for either to marry before their complete maturity is to ruin themselves and destroy the race. Physicians might do this with perfect assurance that the thunder-tones falling so great a distance upon the tympanum could not possibly cause any disastrous results.—*S. F. Medico-Literary Journal.*

Protestantism seems to be making substantial progress in Italy. The newest indication of it is a report that a number of Catholic churches are being converted into places of evangelical worship. The Free church has, it is said, transformed into chapels the oratory of the convent of San Jacobe at Florence, and that of San Simone at Milan. The Waldensians will change in the same manner, three Catholic churches at Naples, Verona, Milan. The town council at Milan has resolved to cede to the Waldensian church the church of San Giovanni Conca, while at Rome the Waldensians are building a new chapel in the center of the city.

Even the Christian virtues do not weigh in all scales alike.

The Man Who Built a Market.

Boston has added another to her before large collection of the statutes of her eminent men. Last Saturday, with all proper ceremony and oratory, she dedicated the statue of Josiah Quincy, who was an eminent public servant—member of Congress, Judge of the Municipal Court, second Mayor of Boston and President of Harvard University. Mr. Quincy was Mayor from 1823 to 1828. The observances of last week naturally recalled the sagacity and prescience, if we may use the word, of one of the shrewdest public men of his day. It has been said that the establishment of the Faneuil Hall Market was at least twenty years ahead of the times. Nobody ever had this faculty of looking forward in a larger measure than Mr. Quincy. His purchases of real property, based upon what he believed to be the certain prosperity of Boston, made him one of her most opulent citizens. But the Faneuil Hall Market is the most popular memorial of his public work. It is such a market as nobody, sorely as we need it, has ever built for New York. Indeed, the Bostonians boast that there are large markets in other cities, in none of them "can be found so great a variety in kinds and qualities as in theirs." It is the result of wise provision for the future, without which no city can secure absolutely necessary conveniences, whether of buildings, streets or public grounds. It was one of the most economical of investments. It could not now be erected, except at a vastly greater expense. Yet this was only one of many municipal improvements set afoot during Mr. Quincy's administration, and of which the city is at present enjoying the benefit. Fortunate and few the cities which have such magistrates as he was! Fortunate the city which having such citizens has also the wisdom to call them to places of honor and trust!

Mr. Quincy's was a great name during the fierce political struggle of the country, from the beginning of the century until the breaking up of the Federal and Democratic parties. He was himself a Federalist of the Federalists. It never for a moment mitigated his zeal that his party was in a hopeless minority. In nothing did he show his political sagacity more completely than in his early apprehension of the rising power of the slave-holding interest. He looked at the institution with the same shrewdness with which he built the market. After 1813, his public services were within his native State, which was sufficient for him. When the great struggle against slavery came, he was early in the field, old as he was, for freedom and the Union, just as in 1856 he had taken a prominent part in efforts to elect Freemont to the Presidency. Nor let it be forgotten that he was the first Judge in this country or in England to lay down the law that the publication of the truth with a good intention, and for a justifiable end, is not libelous.

In all things Mr. Quincy thought and acted with no slavish regard for present comfort or convenience. Boston will remember him as one resolutely bent upon having his own way, but also as one whose way was usually the right one.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

One of the simplest and at the same time most effectual remedies against snoring is to place a thin, oval-shaped piece of silver or hard-rubber, between three and four inches in length and one and a half inches in width, formed so as to fit the jaws comfortably, between the lips and the gums. By this simple appliance the breath is forced through the nostrils, and, aside from being a preventative against snoring, it keeps the throat and tongue moist, instead of being dry and parched as when air is inhaled into the mouth and throat. If the mouth is kept shut, all trouble about snoring will be removed.

A NOBLE RACE.—The natives of Beluchistan, a country on the northwestern frontier of India, are noted for their bravery, truthfulness, and chivalry towards women. An illustration of this respect for women is given by an English clergyman who traveled among the Beluchins:

I was told by Col. G—— that, in time of war, the flock of an enemy (which otherwise is lawful spoil) is always respected if guarded by a woman; and you may see a flock of sheep grazing securely under the very pickets of the adversary, with no other title to immunity than the sex of its keeper. Such courtesy is quite unknown in Western warfare.

The thump-bang-whack-pound-hammer style of piano-playing has almost disappeared.

Velocipedists resemble the ages they roll along by-cycles.

Another Testimonial to Grant.

The Standard Soap Company have presented General Grant with an elegant box of perfumed toilet soap, especially made for him as a momento of his visit to California. The box contains a dozen cakes, several of which have a head of the General, a facsimile likeness in red and purple, running through the soap. Around the head is a wreath of flowers, inscribed on the top with the word General, and underneath the head is the word Grant; other cakes in the box represent an initial, the whole spelling U. S. Grant, making it a neat and acceptable gift. —*S. F. Evening Post.*

A well-known evangelical clergyman, on being accused of leaning toward Universalism, replied that he hoped everybody would go to Heaven, "and" said he, "there are some persons I wish were there now."

Profit, $1,200.

"To sum it up, six long years of bed-ridden sickness, costing $200 per year, total $1,200—all of this expense was stopped by three bottles of Hop Bitters taken by my wife. She has done her own housework for a year since, without the loss of a day, and I want everybody to know it, for their benefit."—*Ed Register.*

Turner's Regulator

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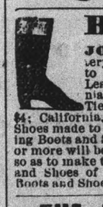

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Intelligence Items.

Silk factories in Italy employ 120,428 women.

They are about to erect in Edinburgh a magnificent statue of John Knox.

Singing at a colored camp-meeting in Abbeville, S. C., was heard five miles.

Of the 75,668 Free-Will Baptists more than half are in New England States.

A girl has been arraigned in Cleveland, Tenn., for carrying a pistol concealed.

An early and severe winter is threatened in Europe. Hard times and high prices are ahead.

Over $100,000 worth of slate mantels have been ordered by a London, Eng., house from a Newburg, N. Y., firm.

A memorial chapel to the Prince Imperial is to be built in Paris, about $12,000 having been subscribed for the purpose.

For eight years the large rolling mill at Spuyten Duyvil has been closed. It now has an order for $400,000 worth of steel rails, and work will be resumed at once.

While the late Dr. Joseph P. Thompson was pastor of the Broadway Tabernacle, that church contributed $30,000 in a single day to equip a regiment for the war.

The British army contains 62,800 members of the Church of England, 20,872 Roman Catholics, 7,125 Presbyterians, and 3,985 Protestants of unclassified denominations.

The original order of Gen. Robert E. Lee, announcing the death of Stonewall Jackson, has been purchased by a resident of Richmond as a present for a friend in Europe. An attempt will be made to secure it for the State of Virginia.

The orators will have to drop "a nation of forty millions of inhabitants" for a new phrase. The best estimates of the census to be taken next June now are that the returns will show a population for all the States and Territories of 48,500,000.

Before leaving Japan, Gen. Grant and Mrs. Grant each planted a tree near the Toshgu Temple, in Tokio. The Japs have placed monumental stones by the side of the trees, respectively inscribed: "Grant's Hinoki" and "Mrs. Grant's Giyokuran."

There are coal mines in Germany in which the phenomenon of subterranean waters having a regular ebb and flow has been observed. The scientific academies of Vienna and Berlin are studying it, and look for valuable additions to our knowledge of the earth's interior.

Forney's Progress says there are women who make a business of going from watering-place to watering-place, at the close of the season, and buying at less than half cost the cast-off clothing of the belles of society. This they take to the great cities and easily sell at a good profit.

A German medical writer, in a work published in 1877, says that there are but two authentic cases known of five children being born at one birth. A third case is now reported from Kettwig on the Rhine. The children were well formed, though very small; but they lived only one hour.

In the course of a few years the old expression "not worth a red cent" will have lost its force, for a specimen of the antique copper coin alluded to will be likely to be valued at a good many dollars. It was a very common piece of money for upwards of sixty years, having made its first appearance from the mint in 1792, but it is now fast disappearing from circulation.

Paying a Dublin Cabby.

In Dublin the legal charge for a short ride in a public carriage is an English sixpence, but cabby expects you to give him very much more, and he always gets something in addition to the actual fare. If you ask him what his price is he invariably "laves it to your honor;" but when you have paid him, no matter how many times the lawful amount, he is never satisfied. Two American gentlemen in Dublin, a week or so ago, made a bet, one holding that he would give "cabby" such a fee that he would ask no more. This his friend declared was not possible. They took a cab, the first they met, and rode a distance of about two miles.

"How much do I owe you?" inquired the gentleman at the end of the journey.

"Sure an' your honor can give me whatever you like," said the driver.

"But I would rather you would name your charges."

"Indeed an' I won't. It's not for me to say what a fine gentleman like you will give me."

Thus put to the test, the "fine gentleman" landed him over half a sovereign in gold for a ride that should have cost sixpence at most.

Cabby looked at the coin, then at the gentleman, as if doubting the evidence of his senses at this unexpected munificence, but soon recovering from his surprise, he put his hand to his hat in respectful acknowledgment of his gratitude.

"You have lost your bet," whispered the friend as they turned to leave. But before he and his companion had walked half a dozen steps, the driver, leaving his horse and vehicle to take care of themselves, was by their side, hat in hand.

"Well, what do you want now; haven't you got your fare?"

"So I have," said the driver with an insinuating smile, "an' it's yourself is the gintleman that gave me a fine one this blessed day; but, yer honor, haven't you got a spare sixpence in your pocket, I don't like to change the goold."

In Rome was recently ordained a colored priest who was formerly a slave. He had suffered many indignities, and an Italian lady learning his condition and character, purchased him and gave him his freedom. He was then sent to the propaganda and his ordination is the result. His field of work is Abyssinia, where he has been sent to labor among his own people.

The Hat.

In England, and particularly in London, the hat is considered a much more important part of a gentleman's attire than it is in any other portion of the world—certainly more important than here in America, where a gentleman may wear any style of hat that is not positively shabby. A silk hat is the only dress article of head-wear allowed in London, at least so far as an Englishman is concerned; for the increase of cosmopolitan feeling in London permits strangers and foreigners to enjoy a considerable degree of latitude without unpleasant comment, which would not be tolerated among Londoners. During a half-hour's stroll up and down Regent street you will notice nearly a dozen varieties of hats, manufactured in as many countries, and all of them distinctively characteristic of the various nationalties; but you will not see a representative English gentleman, who pays any attention to propriety in dress, wearing any other than the regulation silk hat of the proper height, shape and curl; though fifty years ago he could not have worn a silk hat without being considered vulgar, the beaver hat being the only one favored or allowed in fashionable circles. The slouch hat, so much admired by artists and men whose hair is allowed to grow to an uncommon length, the Derby, with either round or square crown, and any of the numerous shapes which for years past have been popular in America, are all known by the name "billy-cock," and the wearers of these styles of hats are all supposed to be Americans. In a letter written some time ago a friend stated:

"As I was coming out of the National Gallery in Trafulgar Square the other day I met a party of three gentlemen, whom I should not have hesitated to hazard something were Americans. They were very nice looking, especially the youngest—one of those handsome New York 'boys' of ours—neat as a pin, his immaculate clothing fitting him as if he had been molded in it, his shapely hands freshly gloved and carrying a handsome light walking switch. But, alas for the etiquette of London streets and clubs! he wore a slouch hat—one of those brigadier-general affairs which equals the brigadier-generals themselves in number in war times, and have never entirely lost their popularity since. Our gentlemen like them because they are convenient to wear, soft to the head, are generally becoming, and are not so quickly spoiled as the silk hat. But here they are positively not the C. T. (correct thing). It is rather curious that Americans dislike the high hat so much. I know a New York gentleman who buys a silk hat every year—to make his New Year's calls in—and never wears it again. When the next year comes around he buys another and repeats the experience. Yet when I conjure his image in my mind's eye (on every day but New Year's) I must confess I summon the vision of a rowdy in a 'billy-cock' hat. This may be due to the influence which surrounds me just now. No doubt if I were in New York again I should be shocked at the idea of connecting the word "rowdy" with the gentleman in question, and I dare say his 'billy-cock' hat would seem all right. But I know if I were a man and came to London from New York, my first purchase would be a high silk hat. An essential cannon of good breeding is to efface (outwardly, at least) a too prominent provincialism, localism, nationalism or personalism of any sort. In walking the streets, or in a drawing-room, one should not be too manifestly an American, a Frenchman, a Russian or an Englishman; one is a gentleman—that is enough."

Hats are alluded to by the earliest English authors of whom we have any knowledge, and hats, by whatsoever name they may have been called, have been in use from the remotest periods of human existence. When the Romans gave freedom to their slaves they bestowed upon them a hat, in token of their enfranchisement, and the hat has been ever since a symbol of freedom, except where the dictates of fashion have to be obeyed.

Josh Billings' Philosophy.

I beleave in ghosts as I do in mermaids, centaurs, and spiritualism, just enuff to keep up an assortment.

It iz the natur ov empty things to make the most noize; tho man who iz holler laffs the loudest.

When we are in helth thare iz nothing so eazy and so natural, az to advize the sik how to git well.

Yu kant make a man yure friend bi laying him under obligashun to yu; this iz like gitting a dog to foller yu, bi leading him with a rope around his neck.

Honesty iz the best pedigree, and the hardest one to receive or transmit.

If yu have one true friend freeze to him, don't let him eskape, and don't tri to duplikate him.

Allmost ennybody kan be an average phool, but to be a superior one requires much talent.

I never knu a solgier or a sailor who was a mizer.

Wimmin make poor captings, but the very best kind of lutenants.

I beleave in free speech. Thare never waz a wild enthusiast nor cunning demagogue but what would talk himself to deth, giv him a front seat to do it on.

Old men, like old dogs, luv to sit in the sun.

Thare are men who never have enny konfidents, who never trust enny one only themselfs; they look to me like a steel trap, kold and fatal.

I am sorry to say this but I hav found it true—I kno plenty ov people who need more watching on Sunday than enny other day in the week.

Luv seems to make a woman eloquent, but a man insipid.

The only way to beat an enthusiast iz to agree to every thing he sez, and offer to bet on it besides.

Mi dear son, if yure ambishun iz simply to make people laff, be sure and git yure pay for it az yu go along, for they will deny the det tommorrow.

About the best yu kan say ov a demokrasy iz, that it iz a well organized mob.

Detroit Currency.

John Smith can go to Scotland from England for $10. It costs Queen Victoria $10,000.

Paul Boyton is getting on swimmingly on his new book of travels—of swims, rather.

If you want to go in first-class society in Cincinnati, you mustn't call it tube-rose, but "tu-ba-ro-se."

It is the easiest thing in the world to nail a political lie. All you've got to do is to tell a bigger one.

"And so do the spiders and the flies and the ants," is the newest way of saying something awful funny.

Spotted Tail, the Indian chief, figures that white man's whisky has killed more Indians than white men's bullets.

It is said that Blaine never forgets a face, especially the face of a Democrat who breaks him down in one of his speeches.

English editors meet and jaw and fight and wipe their bloody noses on the nearest picket-fence, the same as Americans.

Fulness of eye sometimes denotes language, and again it denotes that the owner called some one a liar and a horse-thief.

All the newspapers having now published Prof. Wise's obituary, it is time for the old gent to swim ashore or come out of the woods.

A New Jersey paper says that there are lots of slivers on the wrong side of human nature, while the right side is planed down and sand-papered.

It is a current bard who sings, "I sat alone with my conscience." Two to one, says the Albany *Journal*, he never had less fun in all his born days.

Blair Co., Pa., didn't pay for its grave-yard, and the sheriff offers it for sale. Nice chance for a young doctor to get the foundation for a start in life.

The Boston druggist who put up laudanum for tincture of rhubarb was busy telling a friend a funny story, but a verdict for $5,000 damages sobered him up.

Most young men are not satisfied with chalking their billiard-cues, but when through with the game are anxious to have the saloon-keeper chalk down the indebtedness.

If it takes all the United States to suppress one tribe of Indians, how many United States would it take to break up a country dance after all the fellows begin to feel good?

The Lost Baloonists.

The recent fate of Prof. Wise recalls the similar death of his friend and pupil, Donaldson, in Lake Michigan. Donaldson made 139 successful ascensions. On his last fatal excursion two reporters, Grimwood and Maitland, were to accompany him. However, Donaldson said that the balloon was overloaded and that one must step out. Neither stirred. At last Maitland tossed a copper in the air; Grimwood shouted "heads." Heads it was, and Grimwood reluctantly stepped down and out. Here Donaldson's agent interfered and said that lots must be cast the usual way under his direction. The choice fell to Grimwood and the unfortunate young man joyously accepted the unlucky slip of paper, little thinking it was his death warrant. This happened July 15, 1875. Donaldson's body was never recovered from Lake Michigan. On August 16, Grimwood's body was found on the Michigan shore of the lake. On his body was found the following humorous sketch, which sounds tragic enough when thought is given to the young man's terrible fate:

From the earliest days of childhood I have always had a presentiment that some time sooner or later, I was bound to rise.

There are some people who make sport of presentiments, but, after all, a presentiment is a handy thing to have around.

Where would I have been to-day if I hadn't had a presentiment?

In accordance with my presentiment I have risen, as it were, to a "point of order."

Like a great many politicians, I rise by means of gas.

I regret the fact that there are only two of us—Prof. Donaldson and myself—as I would like to belong to the "upper ten."

Prof. Donaldson seems to be a very pleasant gentleman, although a philosopher and aeronaut.

Although it is scarcely an hour since I struggled into eminence, the restraints of my positions are already beginning to be irksome to me and to wear on my spirits.

I cannot help reflecting that if we fall, we fall, like Lucifer, out of the heavens, and that on our arrival upon earth, or, rather, upon water—for we are over the middle of Lake Michigan—we would be literally DEAD.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes protests forcibly against any movement tending to break up the ancient King's Chapel Burying-Ground in Boston. He writes to the special committee of the City Council: "My maternal ancestors of two generations and many of my family connections have rested, hitherto undisturbed, in the tomb marked No. 1 King's Chapel Cemetery. I say my ancestors—I mean their bodies, which is all we can cover with our tombstones. And yet not all; for affections and remembrances universally held sacred follow them to what we fondly suppose is to be their last resting-place, and make its dust holy for those who loved them. These are sentiments, but they are sentiments which the poor savages whom our ancestors displaced, were human enough to cherish. When did a North American Indian ever fail to respect the bones of his ancestors? I ask the same for these of mine, and that no step may be taken which is likely to lead to their ejection."

That policy that can strike only while the iron is hot will be overcome by the perseverance which, like Cromwell's can make the iron hot by striking; and he that can only rule the storm must yield to him who can both raise and rule it.—*Colton.*

Power of Music.

Many of us, most of us, have aspirations and emotions for the expression of which in words it is as if he were voiceless and dumb, but which find full and ready expression in music; even though, I have sometimes thought, the words which we freight with them may be mere jargon. Under the right circumstances, and given only a touch, a tone, a sudden remembrance, anything to unlock the emotions, and the song goes forth, telling for every individual singer a different story. Perhaps this is most noticeable in the midst of sympathetic numbers, as in the crowds who used to meet together and sing out all their secret feelings in the strange, unreal light of the Chicago Tabernacle. I shall never forget a face which I saw there one stormy winter afternoon; one which touched me more than any other of the very expressive faces which I used to see there full of emotion day after day. It was only an every-day face, that of a worn old woman dressed in deep mourning; and, with family and friendly groups on ever side of her, seeming so alone in her loneliness and old age. Was there anything in the words of the song, in the singing of which she joined with her tremulous tones, which could fitly express the emotion that filled face and voice? The song was only one of the most commonplace of the many changes that rung on the dear old themes, yet the words came to my ear freighted with her loneliness and yearning until I longed to place gently my own in her poor, tired, empty hands, if haply mine could in any measure fill their emptiness; to say a word which might brighten the poor, withered old face, so utterly pathetic in its far-off look of longing. Such a strangely far-away look it was, as if the yearning eyes had sent their gaze over the ocean in search of the lost ones, to where, mayhap, their graves were made in "the Old Country," and failing to find them there, had gone straight on into the heavenly land.

Did she find them? Who knows? But the song whose musical strains gave voice that day to her longing for the dear, dead faces, will always be to her in very truth a "sacred song." To one heart, at least, a cool, critical analysis of its composition would be sacrilege. To one or another of us perhaps this would be true in regard to every one of the familiar old songs. It is too late; we could not criticise them if we would. Love is blind, and we love them every one!

A Beast-Tamer's Fate.

One of the most intrepid wild beast tamers in Europe, Karolyi, a Magyar of colossal stature and extraordinary physical strength, has recently fallen a victim to a dread contingency of his perilous profession. He was performing before a crowded audience in Madrid the other day one of his most sensational feats, which consisted in allowing a huge boa constrictor, over twenty feet in length, to enfold his body in its tremendous coils, when suddenly a piercing cry escaped him, which was greeted by the public with a round of applause, under the supposition that its utterances constituted a part of the performance. It proved, however, to be the outcome of a strong man's death agony. The gigantic snake had tightened its coils and crushed poor Karolyi's life out of him with one terrific squeeze. As his head fell back and his eyes became fixed in a glassy stare the plaudits died away, and were succeeded by the stillness of utter consternation. The snake and its lifeless victim swayed for a second or two of inexpressible horror and then toppled over on the boards of the stage; but the boa did not in the least relax his grip upon the corpse, which remained for more than an hour imprisoned in its hideous thralldom, nobody daring to approach the lithe monster, of whose powers such appalling proof had been given. At length it occurred to one of Karolyi's attendants to place a bowl of milk in a cage within sight of the mighty serpent, which slowly unwound itself from the dead body and glided into its den, irresistibly tempted thereto, by its favorite dainty. A *post-mortem* examination of the unfortunate athlete's remains discovered no fewer than eighty-seven fractures of his bones effected by the constriction of the serpent's coils. His death must have been almost instantaneous, as the spine was disarticulated in several places.

Driving a Bargain.

Here is a story constructed on the same principle as the one that told of how a man got the three youngest turkeys in a group of six by telling the market man he was a b-b-boarding house k-keeper and wanted three of his t-t-toughest turkeys, and when they were selected the stutterer walked off with the other three. The following yarn is from a French paper:

M. C., having broken an indispensable article of porcelain, goes to the dealer from whom he had purchased the set to endeavor to replace it.

"Have you any objections to breaking up a set?" he says. "I bought one from you last week, and one piece is smashed. It was like this. How much'll you take for that sugar-bowl there, without the cover?"

"Well, the price is fifteen francs with the cover, but I'll let you have the bowl by itself for fourteen. You see, the cover doesn't amount to much—in point of fact I may say it is worthless—but it would look absurd not to make some deduction, so I'll knock off one franc for the cover."

"What—one franc only? Surely the cover must be worth more than one franc."

"No, sir; in reality it isn't worth more than half a franc, but seeing it's you I'll call it a franc and let you have the bowl for fourteen."

"Why, by Jove, what an ass I've been! It wasn't the bowl that my wife told me was broken—it was the cover. How funny of me—how stupid! It isn't the bowl I want—it's the cover. Here is your one franc—don't mind wrapping it up."

(Vanishes into the infinite azure of the street.)

When is a wave like an army doctor? —When it's a surgin'.

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WOODLAND, YOLO COUNTY, CAL.,

—BY—

DWIGHT L. HACKETT, Editor and Proprietor.

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WOODLAND STANDARD.

DWIGHT L. HACKETT,.....EDITOR.

WOODLAND, CAL,.....NOV. 15, 1879

DEMOCRATIC BLUNDERS.

The appointment of Wm. F. White, late candidate for Governor on the Workingmen's ticket, to the office of Bank Commissioner, furnishes food for reflection. If White is the best man that could be found for the position, the intelligence of the State must have retrograded very much since last September, when this same man was receiving the anathemas of the entire Democratic press of the State, a large portion of which is now as loud in his praise as it was then in his condemnation. Have these editors and Gov. Irwin suddenly found that they were mistaken when they said this man was totally unfit to be Governor of this great State? for surely the office of Bank Commissioner requires as intelligent and honest a man as does the Gubernatorial chair. But this is not the case. This Governor and these editors hold the same opinion of White now that they did a few months ago. The so-called leaders of the Democratic party see, or think they see, in this appointment, a move towards the calling back into the Democratic ranks of the ignorant, howling mob that have followed the agitator Kearney into the folds of a new party of his own organization. And right here is where the lesson should come to Democratic leaders who are forever truckling to votes instead of principles. The great majority of the people—the intelligent, taxpaying, working, native-born people of these United States are Democrats—that is, firm believers in Democratic principles. But there are a vast number called the "balance of power" if you please, known as independent voters, who get disgusted with the idea of a great party cringing and fawning to little cliques and rings, sacrificing some of its most cherished doctrines for sake of a few votes, and eating dirt and crow in large quantities that the good will of some professional politician may be gained, as he is known to control quite a number of contemptible ignoramuses who have the right to cast a ballot, and who will always use the particular kind which this "politician" puts into their hands. Taking the result of the late Eastern elections as a sign, it looks as though the independent voting class is very large this year, and that it has become terribly disgusted. And we are compelled to admit that they have reason to become so. In nearly every State in which elections have been held this Fall, the leaders of the Democracy have made the fight on issues that ought really in a State campaign to cut no figure. What matters it to the officers of a State, as such, what the financial policy of the U. S. Government shall be? That is a question for Congress to deal with, and State officers have no more to do with it than the Constable of a township. The trouble with the Democratic party of the Nation, and the California portion of it in particular, is that there are too many old fossils in the front ranks as leaders. Every defeat the party suffers can be directly attributed to the blunders of these antiquated leaders, and the sooner they are deposed, and more sensible and more vigorous men put in their places, the better it will be for the Democratic organization. They have blundered too often to be trusted with command any longer, and the sooner the rank and file let them know it the better. Democratic principles are still dear to the hearts of the people, and whenever the Democratic leaders convince the people that they are honestly in earnest, the Democratic party will surely be in the majority, but until this is done, the Democrats need not be surprise if they come out second-best every time.

The latest news from the East is that the entire Republican ticket is elected in New York with the exception of Surveyor. Horatio Seymore Jr. is elected to this office by about 10,000 majority. The Maine Legislature is said to be Democratic, which will give that party the Governor.

The National Republican has re-admitted George C. Gorham into the Republican fold, where he ranks now among the most stalwart of the Stalwarts. Gorham is now in a position to read Frank Pixley out of the party. Pixley belongs to the Improved Order of Scratchers.

Can the Democracy win in 1880?

While some easily discouraged Democrats are already weeping over the loss of the next Presidency, because the Radicals have carried Republican Ohio, the Radicals are complaining that a "Solid South" makes 138 Electoral votes sure for the Democratic party and leaves it but 47 to get elsewhere. When Radicals are bemoaning their sad fate, pointing to those 138 solid votes as a standing grievance, and moving heaven and earth to find compensation for them in a solid North, it is a great waste of time for Democrats to repine.

What are the prospects of a Democratic victory in 1880? asks the Philadelphia *Chronicle*, and proceeded to answer the question as follows: Assuming that the nominee will be a good and strong man, the Democracy's chances are "as fair as poet's dreaming." In addition to the 138 votes of the "Solid South" we look to see New York give her 35 votes to the Democratic candidate, quite irrespective of what she has done this year. There is more than an even chance that Indiana will add her 15 votes. New Jersey will contribute her nine, and Connecticut her six, making a total of 203 Electoral votes for the Democratic ticket, and that is 18 more than the requisite number. The Democrats can afford to lose Indiana and still have 3 votes to spare. Or, if they gain Pennsylvania's 29, which they could probably do with Bayard and certainly with Hancock, the Democrats would have 12 more than the necessary majority, though they lost New York. This calculation leaves out the doubtful States of Wisconsin and Oregon with their 13 votes, and they are as likely to go Democratic as Republican.

The debatable ground is narrowed to a very small compass, and it will require monumental stupidity on the part of the Democratic party to lose the advantage. We do not say that the Democratic party is not equal to a good deal of pig-headedness; but we indulge the hope and the belief that it will not throw away its chances to elect the next Presidency as it did its chance to inaugurate a President whom it had already elected. We think there will be no weak-kneed, dough-faced business next time. There will be too much hanging on the issue—something which, to our mind's eye, looks very much like the life of the Democratic party.

How It Appears In The "Sun" Light.

A double-leaded dispatch from Washington to the New York *Sun*, in relation to the coming Presidential campaign, and the Grant "boom," contains interesting reading for Radicals as well as Democrats, and some on this Coast will find portions of it worthy their attention and contemplation. The writer practically shelves Blaine and John Shermnn, and says Grant is master of the situation. He goes on, to this effect: "The wire-pullers for Grant are in direct communication with all the State Committees, organizers, and leaders. During Grant's preconcerted absence abroad, they have matured their plans most effectively, and the first fruits have been witnessed on the Pacific Coast in a series of demonstrations timed to have effect on the Fall elections. I say "timed," because the original programme of the tour extended to Australia, which plan was changed in Japan to meet political necessities at home. In a word, the Republican machine is in the hands of Grant's backers, who, carried away by their success thus far are bold enough to proclaim that they mean to storm the Convention and to make his nomination unanimous on the first ballot."

Grant is to talk conservatively, and welcome the Confederate Brigadiers with open hand. There was more significance than the thoughtless knew, or supposed, in the pre-arranged visit of Confederate soldiers, distinctively presented as such, at San Francisco. Mark how cordially Grant received them.

"Back of all this scheme stands the old Grant Guard of public plunderers, of Ring chiefs, of lobby kings, of dissolute jobbers, of base associates, and of personal favorites, all of whom look to a restoration of Grantism as the only means of repairing broken fortunes, of securing social recognition and of despoiling the Treasury. The Babcocks and Shepherds are already shouting lustily for the third term, and prophesying that the good time is near at hand. They are enthusiastic because they believe that the future promises a rich harvest when they again get into power.

"So much for the combination. If the Democrats are not demoralized, and have learned any wisdom, they will be in position to confront this cry with a policy that cannot fail to impress the sober intelligence and reflection of the country. It is simple and straightforward. Shall the unwritten law restricting the Presidency to two terms be violated? Shall the example of Washington and of all his successers be cast aside? The square issue of preserving what is left of free institutions must come, if Grant is again a candidate. If he were elected a third time, the empty forms might be continued, but the substance of this Gevernment would be gone."—[Examiner.

W. J. McClay, Assemblyman elect from Napa county, died on Thursday last at his home in Napa.

ACROSS THE CONTINENT.

WHAT AN OLD CALIFORNIAN SAW

—AT THE—

FARMERS' AND MECHANICS' STORE.

The finest and cheapest BUSINESS SUITS, FINE DRESS SUITS, the finest Gents' FURNISHING GOODS, a full and well selected stock of Youth's Boys' and Children's CLOTHING. Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Etc

Also the finest lot of DRY GOODS, Etc., ever brought to Woodland. Silk, Silk Velvet, Satin of all shades, etc.

All we ask of you is to call in and we will show you the goods. Remember the FARMESS' & MECHANICS' STORE, Excelsior Block, Main St. Woodland.

CHARMAK & LEVY.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

AGNES BEMMERLY, Plaintiff, vs. RUDOLPH KALS, Defendant. } Decree of Foreclosure and Order of Sale. No, 1566.

UNDER AND BY VIRTUE OF A DECREE OF Foreclosure and Order of Sale issued out of the District Court of the Sixth Judicial District, of the State of California, in and for the County of Yolo, duly made and entered on the 27th day of October, A. D. 1879, in the above named action, wherein Agnes Bemmerly is plaintiff, and Rudolph Kals is defendant, and to me directed and delivered, I am commanded to sell all that certain lots, pieces or parcels of land lying and being situate in the County of Yolo, State of California, and particularly described as the Southeast quarter, (¼), and Lots One (1), and Two (2), of the Northeast quarter (¼), of Section Five (5), in Township Ten (10) North, and the Northeast quarter (¼) of Section Thirty-two (32), in Township Eleven (11) North, all in Range One (1) East, Mount Diablo Base and Meridian, according to Government Survey.

Public Notice is hereby given that on

Saturday, the 22d Day of November,

A. D. 1879, at Two (2) o'clock P. M. of that day, in front of the Court House, in the County of Yolo, State of California, I wil , in obedience to said decree of foreclosure and order of sale, sell the above described real property to the highest and best bidder for coin of the United States. C. BARNEY,

Woodland, Oct. 31st, 1879. Sheriff.

nov1-td

ASSIGNEE'S SALE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT in pursuance of an order of the County Court of the County of Yolo; State of California, made and entered on the 1st day of November, A. D. 1879, in the matter of PETER LAUNER, an insolvent debtor, vs. His Creditors, I will,

On Saturday, the 29th day of November, A. D. 1879, at Ten (10) o'clock A. M. of that day, sell at public auction, at the residence of said Peter Launer, in Cottonwood Township, in said Yolo county, to the highest and best bidder, for cash, the following described property to-wit: 1 Header, 1 Header Wagon, 1 Two-horse Wagon, 2 Horses, 1 Cow, 1 Heifer, 1 Steer, 2 Pigs, 3 Tons of Hay.

C. BARNEY,
Assignee of said Insolvent Debtor.
Dated this 4th day of November, 1879.

GEO. W. GREENE,

—Dealer in—

WATCHES,
CLOCKS,
JEWELRY,
SILVERWARE,

BOOKS, STATIONERY,

Musical Instruments and Fancy Goods.

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BOOTS AND SHOES,

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GENTS' CLOTHING,

Furnishing Goods,

HATS, ETC.,

Which they are prepared to sell as cheap as any house in the country.

GIVE US A CALL.

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C. B. CULVER,

Dealer in

STAPLE AND FANCY GROCERIES,

PROVISIONS,

WOOD AND WILLOW WARE,

CROCKERY, TOBACCO, Etc., Etc.

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Opposite Craft Hotel,

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SADDLE AND HARNFSS MAKER

Importer from the East.

Everything in my line will be kept on hand or made to order in first-class style.

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MRS. ADDIE T. PINKHAM, Soprano.
MISS R. FREDRICKS, Contralto.

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DR. C. E. PINKHAM, W. B. TREADWELL, J. H. VAN SLYKE.

Sale of Season Tickets opens at Greene's Music Store November 20th. Price for the season of two days and evenings, $1.50. Single tickets, $1.00.

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS.—J. D. Lawson, G. M. Palmer, T. Kennedy, Miss Nette Marden, J. Safford, J. H. Norton, F. S. Knauer.

TREASURER, C. W. Bush.

Societies are rehearsing for the Festival under the following Directors:

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CACHEVILLE	J. Safford.
MADISON	S. Holton.
LANGVILLE	J. Pierce.
CAPAY	C. N. Palmer.
DUNNIGAN	T. Kennedy.
DAVISVILLE	Miss Nette Marden.
ORCHESTRA	W. B. Treadwell.
BAND	E. Ellis.

GOOD TIME COMING!

Everything Going Up!

An Advance All Along the Line.

TIME TAKEN BY THE FORELOCK

—BY—

CULVER.

As the prices of all kinds of goods are advancing, and are liable to be on the rise for some time, I would state to the people of Woodland and Yolo county, that having laid in an immense stock of goods before the rise took place, I am prepared to give low prices on all my goods. In the line of

GROCERIES

I have as fine a stock as was ever brought to this county. My line of

CROCKERY

is very complete, consisting of all the latest novelties in MAJOLICA WARE and my stock of WOOD and WILLOW ware, etc., connot be surpassed.

Inviting each and every one to call and examine prices, I remain

Respectfully,

C. B. CULVER.

MILLINERY.

MRS. FITZGERALD.

FASHIONABLE MILLINRY STORE.

COR. MAIN AND FIRST STREETS, WINTERS.

Has lately returned from San Francisco with a splendid stock of all the latest styles, which she will sell very cheap. She invites every one to call and examine her goods

WOODLAND STANDARD,

THE CHEAPEST AND BEST,

Eight Pages

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.

PUBLISHED AT

WOODLAND,

Yolo County Cal,

—BY—

D. L. HACKETT, EDITOR and PROP'R.

COMMENCING AUGUST 1ST.

THE FINAL CALL!

LAST CHANCE FOR WOODLAND.

KING

GOES OUT OF THE BUSINESS.

NOTICE.

Possibly you may get some one better in his stead, but probably not.

FOR A SHORT TIME:

Card Photos,.....$1.50 per doz.
Cabinets,.....3.50 per doz.

BABIES IN ARMS POSITIVELY NOT ADMITTED.

I want to sell my entire fit-out of Gallery, Negatives, etc., etc. Going exclusively into viewing, and Copying, Enlarging and Painting. Shall still keep my headquarters at Woodland, giving up gallery work. I know there are many of my friends who would like to take the advantage before I give up the business—some who appreciate a good picture and know one when they get it. Money is pretty tight, so we'll compromise and give all a fair show. So look to it.

Gallery Positively NOT Open on Sundays.

J. W. KING, Photo.

P. S.—My View Wagon is at all times in readiness to make trips to any part of the county. Views of residences, etc., at reduced rates, and warranted superior do anything of the sort ever done in the country. Now is your time. See to it. KING, Photo.

CITY LIVERY STABLE.

SMITH & WHITE, Proprietors

HAVING taken charge of the Stable formerly known as Beamer's Livery Stable, I am prepared to furnish

STYLISH TURNOUTS

At Low prices. HORSES BOARDED by the day, week, or month, and given the best of care.

A share of the public patronage solicited. ag16

SMITH & WHITE.

WOODLAND STANDARD.

Issued at Woodland, Yolo county, every Saturday

BY DWIGHT L. HACKETT,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS:

One Year—in advance.....$2 00
Six Months.....1 00

LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

The last session of the District Court, will be held in Woodland on Monday next, 17th inst.

Tom Smith wears a smile on his face that says he is the happiest man in town. It's a boy.

Quite a number of "good shots with a rifle" went out to Holmes' Corner to-day to miss turkeysat 25 cents a chance.

The City Fathers are doing the fair thing by pedestrians by having three new crossings put down across Main street.

The chain gang now consists of 16 members, and as a consequence the Court Yard will now look more beautiful than ever.

We return thanks to Capay Lodge, I. O. O. F. for a complimentary ticket to a ball to be given by them on Thanksgiving evening.

The Best is the cheapest. Use none but the Red Cross Oil, it is specially adapted for family use and gives a most brilliant light. For sale in any quantity at Elston Drug Store.

Chas. N. Post, formerly Deputy County Recorder of Yolo county, under the late J. A. Hiller, has been admitted to practice in the Supreme Court. Charlie has talent and will doubtless make his mark as a member of his chosen profession.

The entertainment and supper given by the members and friends of the M. E. Church at Washington Hall last night was well attended. The programme was well rendered, and the evening's entertainment was enjoyable throughout.

Miss Ida Hickson will open a writing school in Cacheville on Monday evening next. She has already secured a large class, and as the lady is a splendid teacher of this very useful art, she will surely meet with success. We understand that Miss Hickson intends starting a class in Woodland shortly.

The other day "Bismark" saw a man drive along the street with a wagon load of apples. On the rear end of the wagon was a seed sowing machine. He hailed the driver and asked him if had any cider for sale. The man said he had not. "Vell," says "Bismark," "I saw you had a cider mill, and I subbose you make cider for sale!"

Survyor General Minis has favored us with a copy of his biennial report. It contains many valuable statistics as regards the lands of California, and the products thereof. Since Gen. Minis has occupied thee Survyor General's office that department has been conducted in a better manner than under any previous officer and the people of the State, and the settlers in particular, have been greatly benefited thereby.

Death of John Devilbiss.

John Devilbiss, an old citizen of this county, died at his home near Winters, on Friday, 14th inst. Deceased was a native of Maryland, and was 70 years of age. He removed from Maryland to Missouri, from which State he came to California in 1850. Returning, he again came to this State in 1866 and settled in Yolo county. The cause of his death was pneumonia, from which he was confined to his bed but two days prior to his death. His loss will be greatly felt in the community in which he lived. He leaves a wife and four children—two sons and two daughters, three of whom are married.

School Books, both College and Public School, at St. Louis' Variety Store.

Dr. Peebles' Lectures.

On Tuesday and Wednesday evenings of this week Dr. Peebles delivered two of his highly interesting lectures to small but appreciative audiences at Washington Hall. The lecture on Tuesday was of the Mohammedans, and the people and customs of Turkey. On Wednesday evening his subject was China, and we must say that we learned more from this one lecture about the Chinese and their habits than we could from a whole week of reading.

Why is it that a lecturer, no matter how famous or how well recommended, can not respectably fill a hall in Woodland, while a circus, or one of those entertainments, at which according to the bills, "Ladies are Proibited," will draw crowded houses at a $1 a head. Do the people of our town appreciate legs more than brains? That is the only reason we can think of why it is so. If such is the case it is time that the minds of the people were being educated to a higher plane. We have no doubt in the world but what there are two hundred fathers in Woodland who would freely give their sons and daughters a dollar apiece to attend a circus, who would grumble terribly at giving them fifty cents to attend a lecture such as we have had in the past week. And yet these same men are the very ones to be accusing the young people of to-day of being "hoodlums," and so much faster than the young folks were when they were children.

Dr. Peebles next lecture of the course will be delivered on Wednesday night next at the Congregational Church. The subject will be "Palestine." This is one of the most interesting lectures of the course and there should be a full house.

This is for You

Ladies, who desire to dress well. The most stylish and perfect fitting costumes can be produced at a large saving in money by using the "Domestic" Paper Fashions. Patterns mailed to any address on receipt of price in postage stamps. Send stamp for catalogue to J. W. EVANS,
"Domestic" Fashion Parlors, San Francisco.

FROM CAPAY.

CAPAY, Nov. 10th, 1879.

EDITOR STANDARD: Quite a destructive fire occurred up the Canyon one day last week, by which Mr. Eckhart Ford lost his barn and other out-buildings, besides quite a large amount of hay and grain.

We have been having a delightful rain, the first of any consequence this season. The dust which has troubled us for so long is at an end this season, and soon our roads will be in splendid condition.

Messrs. Stewart & Benham have desolved partnership. Stewart having disposed of his interest in the blacksmithing business to a Mr. Taylor.

Mr. John Gillig, of Virginia City, spent a few days in our place last week.

Improvements are still in progress, and we think with the arrival of the railroad, Capay will be made our County Seat.

J. W. Aldrich has added a large storeroom to his building occupied as a store by Freeman & Grimes.

D. Levy is also enlarging his place of business.

Mr. John Woods has purchased a lot and built himself a very comfortable little house thereon.

Mr. Nash, our enterprising brick-maker has purchased of E. B. Aldrich four acres of ground in town, and intends to erect quite a pretentious brick-house immediately.

A young man from Michigan contemplates opening a paintshop here soon.

Our enterprising Roadmaster is busy building bridges, etc., and getting things fixed for winter.

Our physician arrived home a few days ago. He has been to the Bay, and comes back fully satisfied with Capay.

Our Constable returned from Gilroy a few days ago, where he has been visiting his brother.

The merchants of this place are very busy opening out their Winter's Stock, which is quite extensive, especially in the Bean line.

We, who are not on the "inside," think the Langville portion of the Musical Association a failure; but perhaps we cannot appreciate good music.

A Sunday School was organized here two or three weeks ago. Something of the kind has long been needed in this place.

SCRIB.

Board of Supervisor.

Nov. 10th, 1879, Board met—regular term. All members present.

Road No. 151.—Report of viewers filed and approved. Set for hearing Dec. 9th and 10th.

Road No. 147.—Came up for hearing. J. P. Shantz notified the Board that he would not accept the $800 for right of way of said road. District Attorney orered to bring suit condemning said road route.

Reclamation District No. 108.—Warrants approved as follows: No. 114, to A. H. Rose, $100; 412, do, $100; 413, do, $100 414, do, $190; 415, do, $50. 416, to W. B. Treadwell $250; 417, to Sacramento Vally Reclamation Company, $83.40; 418, to H. S. Crocker & Co. 34.25; 419, to A. H. Rose $150; 420, to Sac. Bec. Co. $64.25; 421 to D. L. Hackett, $13.50; 432, to E. T. Clowe, 318.20; 423. to Andrew Kness, $16.00; 424, to E. T. Clowe, $50; 425, to C. F. Reed, $632.50; 426, to A. C. Adams, $1125; to Jas. McGuire, $132.

Road No. 150—Petition received, filed and approved. Case set for hearing on first day of next term.

Nov. 11, 1879. The matter of the levee at M. G. McCormick's was referred to Supervisor Smith.

Warrant on General Fund ordered in favor of DePue & Co. for $100—as half of the contract amount for lithograph of Court House.

Luke Murray ordered admitted to the County Hospital.

Warrant for $500 ordered in favor of Harms & Palms, for constructing wing dam on Sacramento river at Washington.

Warrant ordered to pay for one iron bedstead for County Hospital.

Supervisors Hester, Smith and Newton, appointed a Committee to receive the bridge at English Break on Sacramento river when completed, and warrant ordered for contract price on Contingent Fund.

Messrs. Mering, Smith and Newton appointed a Committee to see to putting a bridge on the road east of here, where the grade has been recently made.

Ordered that $215 script on Contingent Fund in favor of C. Covill be issued for J. P. Shauntz for road damages.

Ordered that $22 monthly script be allowed on Hospital Fund in favor of Mrs. W. W. Brownell for board of two Bynum children.

The Sheriff is ordered to procure 2,000 pounds guano for Court House yard, and the Clerk four record books for Sheriff's office.

Board adjourned to next regular meeting.

Trade at Home.

It has got to be the fashion among a large number of Woodland people to think that they cannot do their trading at home, but that they must go to Sacramento or San Francisco when they wish to purchase anythin g. If you ask then why they do this, the reply is, "O, I can't get anything decent in this town," and ten chances to one they never look around in Woodland to see whether they can or not. We believe the merchants of Woodland keep as good an assortment and as large stocks of goods as the merchants of Sacramento, and what is more we believe our citizens can save money by trading with them. But suppose yon can save a dollar or two in a year's trading by going to Sacramento; you are the loser after all. It is the property owners of Woodland that we are now talking to. If the majority of onr people should do their trading away from home, we would soon have no business houses of any importance in our town, but the stores would consist of a few "Cheap John" establishments, filled with shoddy goods, and those who could not afford to trade away from home would have to take what was offered them. What then would be the effect on property in our town? If we had no prosperous houses, the value of property would rapidly decline, enterprising men of capital would give our town the go-by, and we would soon be on the down grade. We imagine we hear some one say, this is all idle talk, but we can assure them it is not. We have been informed, indirectly, but so that we have no doubt of its truth, that the cash business of Woodland is rapidly decreasing, and making all due allowance for the hard times, the great cause of the falling off is that a large number of our wealthier citizens are doing the most of their cash trading in Sacramento. When people want credit, they seem to be very anxious to get it at home, but their cash is spent some where else. It is a serious question. The people of Woodland should take more pride in their town. We are in the midst of the finest agricultural county in the State, and if our citizens were as enterprising as they ought to be, we could have the most prosperous county town on the coast. Think these matters over, and when you want anything look around among the Woodland stores first. You can generally find what you want without having to go abroad for it.

All lovers of good Tobacco, go to Elston's.

SPLENDID PICTURE.—Selden J. Woodman, the artist, is just putting the finishing touches to a portrait of Mr. C. S. Thomas. The drawing is superb, the color exceedingly beautiful, and the *tout ensemble* of the whole picture is remarkable for its fine qualites of character, and fidelity to nature. Mr. Woodman is a portrait painter of great force and originality whose power lies in the proper conception of his subject, and the mastery of the technicalities of his art.

For School Books and Stationery, go to Greene's.

Whose Duty?

EDITOR STANDARD:—Forty days have been allotted for the legislation which has become necessary in consequence of the adoption of the new Constitution. With a view to that fact the recently elected Legislature has been chosen. Neither Belcher, Freeman, or Stoney has been called upon to represent the People in that body. If the members elect think that they stand in need of advice it is fair to presume that they are quite as competent to choose their own advisers as William Irwin and George C. Perkins are to make such choice for them.

JAMES JOHNSON

The German Student Lamp, the gem of all Lamps at Casler & Co. Also a varied and elegant assortment of Bronze and Glass Lamps of all styles and sizes.

About six mouths ago, William Kerkendall, an old resident of this section of Amador country made the discovery of wh at is now known as the Kerkendall Mining District, although it is not permanently named as yet, we understand. The lead upon which he made the discovery is now named the Sacramento and Kerkendall ledge. On this new vein 2,500 feet were immediately located and now owned by the Sacramento Gold and Silver Mining Company, the principle shareholders being Wm. Kerkendall of Amador county, H. P. Martin of Woodland, A. J. Burnett of Sacramento, and a Mr. Wriston. Considerable prospecting has been done and assays from the very outcrops have ranged from $7 50 to $25 per ton, and in many instances at various depths assays have shown all the way frow $20 up to $357, and in some rare cases much higher. This ledge is 30 feet in width and is composed of rich sulphurets of a dark color, and is intermixed with fine silver. Claims have already been located on over two miles of this ledge, and fully four miles south just as rich strikes have recently been made. The Kerkendall party are having a smelter—the Robinson process—erected, which will be ready for operation in a few days with a capacity of about twelve tons and a much larger one will be erected soon to keep up with the increasing product of the mine.

Immediately west, about 500 feet, and running parallel with the Kerkendall ledge, is the very recent discovered Woodland vein, on which Messrs. H. P. Martin and A. J. Burnett, two energetic gentlemen in mining developments, have located 3,000 feet, and very rich assays have been exhibited.

Still farther west, about 500 feet more, and also running parallel with the Woodland, is the new discovery of the Lone Star lode. This has proven very rich, and was discovered also by Messrs. Martin and Burnett, only a few days since, and these gentlemen with others have located 12,000 feet; and new claims are being taken up daily.—[Amador Times, Nov. 8th.

BORN.

In Woodland, Friday, November 14th, 1879, to the wife of Thomas L. Smith, a son.

FROM GEORGIA.

Our Correspondent Interviews an Ex-Governor of Carolina.

ATHENS, (Ga.), Oct. 29th, 1879.

EDITOR STANDARD: Some time since while traveling upon a railway in this State, it was my good fortune to meet a distinguished Carolinian, an Ex-Governor, one who is at the present time representing his State in an important official capacity. The conversation that ensued was chiefly of a political nature, in the course of which your correspondent asked the Ex-Governor who would, in his opinion be the Presidential Standard Bearer of the Democratic party in 1880? His answer was:

"I think Mr. Tilden. I am no champion of the distinguished gentleman from New York—indeed would, perhaps, on personal grounds, prefer Mr. Hendricks; but there is nothing in the character or history of Mr. Tilden that would make me feel aggrieved at his nomination, or that should make me, or any member of the Democratic party, withhold from his candidacy a sincere and cordial support. Indeed, we of the South have such vast local interests at stake in the inauguration of a Democratic President—no matter who—that whatever may be our personal preferences, we should be the last to decry any respectable element who may get the nomination. Yet," musingly, "I think Sam. J. Tilden, the Democratic pacer, to win the race of 1880. Why, sir!" growing enthusiastic at the New Yorkers history, "For full twenty-five years he has stood at the head of the New York bar, believed to be the strongest in the Union, and equal in forensic power to any in the civilized world. His reputation as a politician, it is true, is of a very recent date."

But how did he acquire his reputation as a politician? Why, sir, some ten years ago the politics tics of the 'Empire State of the North' had become deplorably corrupt, trickery, fraud and peculation were the order of the day, and sad to relate, both political parties had became involved in the great maelstrom of vice. The case looked desperate. Public virtue and official honesty had friends, but they lacked power for the want of a leader. Casting about among the millions of that great State; the public eye at last rested on one actor to champion their cause and purify the public service. That man was Samuel J. Tilden, of New York."

"But Governor," your correspondent remarked, "don't you think Gov. Tilden's chances for the nomination to have been endangered by the assaults of the Radical press upon his integrity?"

"No, sir; do you suppose for a moment that the honest men of New York would have selected Mr. Tilden for a leader at such a time if he had been a corrupt man? Never, sir; never, and the sequel showed their good judgment. In Tilden's hands the flag of Public Virtue was thrown to the breeze and borne to victory. Thieves and pilferers were driven from office, many of them receiving their just deserts within the walls of Sing Sing prison, while honesty was bethroned at the Capital. The world, sir, can show few such victories. It was won in the midst of almost general demoralization, and consequently it shed its lustre over the whole Nation, and at the close of the most corrupt administration that blots American history, the same successful champion of truth and virtue was naturally chosen for the difficult work of a National Reformer. Cheated of his high office in 1876, the honest voters of this country will see to it that in 1880 the same man will lead them, and no Electoral Commission or any other swindle will ever prevent him from being the President, a second time."

"Governor," we asked, "who was responsible for the great wrong that was perpetrated upon Mr. Tilden, and through him, upon the American people in 1876?"

"The leaders of the Democratic party, most assuredly. The fears and ambitions of certain Democratic leaders led them to be bargained or betrayed into the Electoral Commission. Events have demonstrated that negotiations were entered into by the Democratic leaders with the Republican managers. With this ultimatum Hayes was to promulgate and carry out what was known to the country as his "Southern Policy," in return for which Mr. Tilden was to be sacrificed, and the country knows, Republicans and Democrats alike know, that Mr. Tilden was cheated out of his seat by the false and unstatesmanlike policy of throwing their Electoral tub to the National Radical whale."

"Governor," we remarked, "isn't it the general impression among politicians, those who have the "inside," that Gov. Tilden's cowardice prevented his inauguration in 1876?"

"No, sir, the blame should be placed where it belongs. Mr. Tilden adopted the only safe, honest, legal and constitutional course to secure his and the peoples rights, and I firmly believe had his advice been followed, and had not the Democrats been betrayed into the Electoral fraud, he would have forced the Republicans by peaceful Constitutional methods to acknowledge and declare his election; or failing in that, he would have made the fraud so plain and hideous, that the force of public sentiment alone, would have been sufficient to have placed him in power! For under no other circumstances would he have been justifiable in presenting himself at Washington and taking the oath, when his presence alone, at one time might have created a revolution. It is strange, in the face of these well-known facts, that unthinking people will attach the blame of the most damnable outrage, in our history as a Nation, that outrage upon popular will, and the laws of the country, to Mr. Tilden, he, who was most deeply wronged. No, sir; the election of Mr. Tilden was a Democratic victory; a victory of the whole Democracy of the Union, and were not the power and duty to enjoy it their's? Did Mr. Tilden ever throw any obstacle in the way of its full fruition? Did his party even vouchsafe to him the assurance that they would back him in taking possession of the Presidential office? No, they did not! On the contrary, did not his friends in Congress—to whom the Constitution confided the trust of counting the Electoral vote—deliberately imperil, and finally sacrifice the popular will, by submitting the question to an arbitrament unknown to the Constitution; and that, too, without a word of consultation with Mr. Tilden? What in h—l could Tilden have done facing an army without an army at his back? It was not a mere personal victor which he was at liberty to enjoy or not at will. No, sir; through the most gigantic fraud on record, the victory of 1876 was doomed to private life, and through no fault of his either: I tell you, sir," (emphatically) "that when history comes to make up its verdict, it will be written, that the Democratic party, and not Tilden, from motives of fear or a wise prudence—time will tell which—after a terrific battle of glorious victory, retired from the field, and left the fruits in the hands of the enemy."

"What do you think of Mr. Tilden's chances for the Democratic nomination in 1880?" was your correspondents next question.

"Well, sir," said the distinguished gentleman, "I think the Democratic party, in honor bound, should make the only reperation now in their power, by putting Mr. Tilden again in the field as their standard bearer in 1880. There is, in all justice, but one contingency in which they can refuse this reperation, and stand acquitted before the American people, and *in foro conscientiae!* which will be an honest conviction on the part of the Democratic Nominating Convention, from previous State elections and other circumstances, that Mr. Tilden cannot be elected. Nothing personal should be allowed to stand in the way of it. Our highest obligation should be to the country. While as an individual, I might prefer Bayard or Hancock, or perhaps, with more certainty of success, Hendricks, still I can see no reason why, if nominated, Mr. Tilden should not be supported by every good Democrat, North and South. Should Mr. Tilden carry New York in November, in spite of the Tammany defection, no power on earth will be able to prevent his nomination by the Democratic National Convention in 1880; and," speculatively, "I think he will carry it. At any rate, sir, he (Mr. Tilden) is a man of rare ability, a conscientious reformer, largely endowed with the spirit of Government, and has proved himself a conservative patriot under circumstances of trial to which no other American has ever been subjected."

Here the Governor took a cigar out of his pocket preparatory to a smoke, and your correspondent, taking the hint, withdrew, well pleased with the kindness and urbanity of the distinguished Son of Carolina. O'F.

Great Bargains

—IN—

F-U-R-N-I-T-U-R-E-

Mattresses, Etc.

Patent Adjustable Easy Chair,

Stock and prices low enough for the multitude.

W. D. COMSTOCK,

5th & K St., Sacramento, Cal.

my10-3m

SOMETHING NEW.

—A First-Class—

JOB PRINTING

OFFICE.

Having leased the Job Department of the "Woodland Standard" I respectfully announce to the public that I am now prepared to do all kinds of Job Printing with neatness and dispatch.

BILL HEADS,
LETTER HEADS,
STATEMENTS,
VISITING CARDS,
BUSINESS CARDS,
PROGRAMMES, Etc., Etc

☞ All discriptions of Job Work at San Francisco prices.

EXCELSIOR BLOCK.....Main St. Woodland

F. W. BEACH, Prop'r.

THOMAS & HUNT,

Buyers of and Dealers in

Grain and Wool.

OFFICE IN EXCELSIOR BLOCK,

Main Street,.....Woodland

Without and Within.

My coachman in the moonlight there,
Looks through the sidelight of the door;
I hear him with his brethren swear,
As I could do—but only more.

Flattening his nose against the pane,
He envies me my brilliant lot,
Breathes on his aching fists in vain,
And dooms me to a place more hot.

He sees me in to supper go,
A silken wonder by my side,
Bare arms, bare shoulders and a row
Of flounces for the door too wide.

He thinks how happy is my arm,
'Neath its white-gloved and jeweled load,
And wishes me some dreadful harm,
Hearing the merry corks explode.

Meanwhile I only curse the bore,
Of hunting still the same old coon
And envy him outside the door,
In golden quiets of the moon.

The winter wind is not so cold,
As the bright smile he sees me win,
Nor the host's oldest wine so old
As our poor gabble, sour and thin.

I envy him the ungainlyprance,
By which his freezing feet he warms,
And drag my lady's chains and dance
The galley slave of dreary forms.

O could he have my share of din,
And I his quiet—past a doubt,
'Twould still be one man loved within
And just another bored without.

—*J. R. Lowell.*

The Withered Flower.

"She is an iceberg. She is a stone; and if there is anything colder than the one, and harder than the other, Miss Alcastor is that thing."

"Bad for Miss Alcastor," said De Courcey. Then he turned, and gave a glance over the shoulder which was not toward Alice Leslie, and saw a slight girl, in a plain, black dress, who was seated under the great lamps, and in front of the piano. All the lights of the vast parlor seemed to converge toward the piano as their center, and in the midst of all the glitter and glow, and scintillant, slanting beams, was contrasted this somber figure, with a drooping grace, its white face, and large, dark eyes, sad with a profound and unutterable sadness. "Very bad for Miss Alcastor," he reiterated, adding, "but she sings well."

"And she should sing well. Is she not paid to do it? Is she not here for that purpose?"

Miss Leslie, the speaker, had the voice of a siren, and she had the face of angel. Both of these properties she employed to emphasize words which, in the language of a certain old book, were "sharper than any two-edged sword." Edward De Courcey turned toward her now. It was the least of all little hands that lay, ungloved, upon his arm. It was the most innocent of all dimpled faces, which, through a floating haze of fair hair, lifted up eyes of timid appealing to his own. Could it be that this woman, lovely as some creation of an artist's inspired dream, could fling forth these venomous taunts?

"Miss Alcastor," the cooing voice went on, "Miss Alcastor is under ban here, as you know."

"As I do not know. Have compassion on my benighted state."

Up and down the great, bright room they walked. The dark-eyed girl at the piano was singing. It was a soft, August night. Outside, in the garden, the white, tall lilies stood up, and bowed their heads like spirits in prayer. The roses, bending lower, sent out tokens to the south wind from the heavy languors of fragrant hearts. The new moon hung out her horn over the hills. Away up the glooming mountains a forest-fire burned vivid red against the soft summer dark, and, low down, in the levels that bordered the river, a whipp'o will was singing a shrill, sorrowful cry that, throbbing on the night air, was borne up to mingle with the tones of the young girl's voice, which floated out through the open casements of Cliff House. How the two strains seem to mingle and greet one another, out there, in the tender gloom, like sentient spirits, towering above the shadowy garden-land! All this flashed in an instant across my hero's mind; for Edward De Courcey is my hero. Perhaps you divined as much. My hero, and I trust he will be yours, though candor forces from me the confession that he is not of the regulation nineteenth century heroism at all. He has never survived any incredible perils by sea or land; never committed suicide, fratricide, or any other cide; has never shot down his man in California, fought with wild beasts at Ephesus, divorced a wife or two in Indiana, or claimed to be some one other than himself. He is a young man, just past four-and-twenty, carrying his bright-haired head, Saul-like, above others; a man among men, with a strong right arm, eyes that look the world squarely in the face, and a heart brave as any knight of the Round Table, but a heart—I confide this to you—with a soft place in it for poor old women, for sick little babies, for wounded creatures of any species, and with a liability to wax tender at certain times and seasons, such as summer nights, under the blink of stars; winter gloaming, under still, soft snowfalls; dim, twilight churches, where he would drop on his knees, beside I know not what squalor, and pray as he never did or could in the well-padded pew of the De Courcey's, in Faith Church, New York. This is the young fellow who now walks up and down, turning his footsteps to suit the pair of slippered feet tripping beside him, and who bends head, eyes, and ears toward Miss Leslie, as she goes along.

"We are orthodox at Cliff House," continued Miss Leslie, "and Miss Alcastor—well, she is not orthodox! Then her father did something frightful in New York, a few years ago." The voice dropped into a fear-oppressed whisper. "Defrauded some person there; and, oh, he was a terrible character, and, of course, the disgrace extends to the daughter."

"Of course," repeated De Courcey. "The iniquity of the fathers being visited on the children!"

Miss Leslie glanced quickly up. She could not tell exactly what De Courcey meant.

"But you know," she went on, after awhile, "we can have no dealings with such persons. 'From such withdraw thyself.'"

"'He receiveth publicans and sinners, and eateth with them,'" quoted De Courcey, in reply. There was a pause.

I suppose every one remembers Cliff House. It had been commenced for a palace, and by a development only too well known in this age of financial crisis, had been metamorphosed into a hotel. Just now it was controlled by a physician, who had combined with its conduct the sanitary idea. But still it was a showy pile of roofs and gables, its towers and chimneys clear-cut against the bluest of blue skies, its lofty rooms opening on the most spacious of verandas, and its shaded paths winding through the most luxuriant of gardens. It "accommodated"—and the word in this case was no sarcasm—a hundred guests, and this season the number was full. There was the usual combination of all sorts of people. But the majority were of the intolerant character, socially and otherwise, and owing to a prejudice which had been sufficiently indicated in Miss Leslie's remarks, Miss Alcastor's way was made very hard for her.

Alice Leslie was the belle of the Cliff House. For this eminence she was indebted to her crown of golden locks and her dower of golden dollars. As to what of solid merit lay below the one, and behind the other, perhaps the less said the better. In fact, it portends nothing to the present tale.

"Ah, there she is at the organ!" said De Courcey to himself, early next morning. He had stolen into the chapel for the early prayers, which were an idiosyncrasy of Cliff House. He had subsided into a back seat, and was watching the worshippers, as they came sauntering in; men in easy morning coats, women in fresh, crisp cambric, white, or daintiest tints of lilac, green, and azure, with sundry garnishings of ribbon at throat and waist. A cheery, pleasant picture, altogether, whereof, De Courcey, all unwittingly, formed a part, leaning back after his careless fashion, the firm, lofty outlines of his face showing with cameo clearness against the dark panel background, and a wandering shaft of golden light smiting across the masses of his hair.

"There she is," and the organ notes began to rise and to throb overhead, sweet, soft notes of a strain whose plaintiveness De Courcey was all too unlearned musically to recognize as Mendelssohn. It was just then—just as Alice Leslie came tripping down the aisle, luminous in the prettiest of embroidered morning robes, that Dr. De Courcey turned and saw Miss Alcastor in her place as organist. Above her a window of stained glass poured its crimson glories down, touching her bent head, gliding to her garment's hem, and leaving her as with a lingering caress. But her face was in shadow, and by daylight it was more whitely pallid than under the evening lamps; darker, too, and sadder. Oh, so much sadder, seemed the large, glooming eyes, and by the instinct that, in his deepest heart, never failed to assert at the presence of suffering, De Courcey felt himself drawn toward this lonely creature, in her well-kept, but cheap black dress, who showed, in her very posture, her conscientiousness of being, as Miss Leslie had said, "under ban."

Prayers were over. De Courcey lingered unmoved by the smile of invitation telegraphed across to him from a certain pair of blue eyes, lingered until, as Miss Alcastor turned in her place, and proceeded to close the organ, one of the music-books fell from her hand, and dropped upon the floor. Then he sprang, picked it up, and giving it back to her, with some murmured common-place, he met a direct glance of the young girl's eyes. Never from that moment did he forget how the pathos of their mute appeal thrilled through him. "It wasn't the kind of thing to talk about," he said to a friend afterward. That hunted look, as of a creature at bay, as well as under ban; the look of eyes not wont to meet other eyes, and find them kind; a hungry look, as of a soul going out after something which it did not get; a look part tenderness, part defiance; for this was not a nature whose high spirit could humble under persecution, and return sweetness for taunts; such a look, withal, as De Courcey had never before fronted in any woman's eyes. Do you understand the impulse which caused him to throw down the music-book, to step to her side, and take the heavy organ-lid into his own hands? His words were the most ordinary; but to the one who spoke them they had a deeper significance. "Let me help you," he said, and Miss Alcastor, never lifting her eyes, bowed her head, and sped away down the little chapel aisle, through light and over shadow, the gold and purple glories raining down their luminous showers upon her as she went; fled from him and was gone.

De Courcey closed the organ, locked it, and pocketed the key.

"Angry with me, I suppose, for speaking to her," he thought; "but angry or not, she will be obliged to come to me for her key.

She came for it that evening, and asked as a queen might.

From that hour the young organist, in her poor, black dress, became to De Courcey the central personality of the place. It was, in fact, a very unpleasant position, that of Miss Alcastor. You may think little of these persecutions. While a world is lying in wickedness; while the whole creation is groaning; while kingdoms are being rent, battles fought, and lives sacrificed; while all the tragedies of this human life are being enacted; it seems a very small thing to you, doubtless, that one young woman, here among the green hills, if being pursued to death by the dragon of a social ostracism. All the same, it was grievous to be borne; and Edward De Courcey, whose life had been one long trail of sunshine, from his soft cradle to the spring-bed of this present, was conscious of his whole chivalric soul rising up, and Miss Alcastor, an enchanted maiden, persecuted of demons, and sore tested.

"I have made a discovery," confided Miss Leslie to our friend one day. The time was the evening twilight; a gold and purple afterglow, flushing all above, and transfiguring all below. De Courcey was strolling along the garden paths, and Miss Leslie and another of her race and species had just revealed themselves to him from a Wisteria-arbor. "The discovery is this: What would you give to know the name of the man whom Miss Alcastor's father defrauded?"

"What would I give? Really, I fear I must be deplorably wanting in curiosity." De Courcey's tone was not encouraging. But that mattered little to the speaker. On she went, bending near, until her red lips nearly touched his ear.

"The name of that wretch's victim, by the oddest of coincidences, was—— Would you believe it? The name was——"

"De Courcey!"

Another voice had taken up the word. Another figure stepped out of the shadows of the shrubbery, and stood before them.

"Miss Alcastor!" gasped Alice Leslie.

"Yes," in a tone scarcely above a whisper. The young girl was gazing down at the blonde little lady, with steady eyes; but her face was pale as an early star flashing white against the golden sky.

"Yes," she went on, "the name was De Courcey, and he was the uncle of Mr. De Courcey here."

"What, my uncle, Van De Courcey?" said De Courcey. "Then the term victim belongs on the other side. Let me tell you, Miss Leslie," and he turned to her, "since you have thrust this name upon me, that this Van De Courcey is the individual of whose character and career our family, from old Ponce De Courcey, down to your humble servant, have least reason to felicitate ourselves. Shall we go in, Miss Alcastor?" and, turning from Miss Leslie, he offered his arm, with the profoundest obeisance to the music-teacher, and walked away with her.

"Thanks! It was very kind of you," was her only remark.

"She is cold. I believe that Alice wasn't far wrong about that," thought De Courcey.

The summer days waxed and waned; guests came and guests went to and from Cliff House; yet, meanwhile, the slight, flexible figure, in its worn black dress, the white face growing whiter, the large, sad eyes, larger and sadder, all these were making themselves more and more an abiding picture before our hero's eyes. "It was pity that begun it," he confessed, subsequently. "Why, don't you know, if you find a kitten the victim of obloquy, you directly adopt it into your heart. Imagine me, then, rousing up in my ire to champion Miss Alcastor."

De Courcey still kept his seat in chapel near the organ. To be sure, he seldom received a word for his pains, but not unfrequently his watching was rewarded by a look. Do you comprehend how this timid glance of appeal, this flash of shy eyes the next instant veiled, how it fed his hungry soul for whole days? "And yet it is only that I wish to be her friend," he told himself, and himself believed the telling. How he was undeceived, I will explain.

Then came a week when our hero was laid up in his own room with an ugly sprain. Seven days there were, long, bright days, the later summer glorifying the whole long and broad land; all the guests of the Cliff House in festive motion, and he bound down by this contumacious knee. Through the cool of still mornings, and on the sweet air of evening twilights were borne up to his ear the strains of the organ, strains of grief or gladness; wailing in saddest utterances, or mounting aloft in bursts of triumph; and these he welcomed as messages for himself. Raising himself on his couch, or dragging himself to the door, De Courcey listened to every note, moved not, nor spoke, until the last strain had died away on the silence, then sunk back again with the murmured words, "Bless her!" Miss Leslie assuredly was not the antecedent of the pronoun personal.

"The doctor's people are going to Eagle Crag to-day. The doctor himself, and his wife, and the governess, and the children, and even the old grandmother; just a family party."

"Eagle Crag? Where is that?" asked De Courcey. And his servant replied that it was a mountain five miles south of Cliff House.

"Take a carriage to the mountain, and then go up on foot, or with ponies and donkeys."

De Courcey looked at his knee, and his look was far from complimentary to that constituent portion of himself.

"If it had been two days later, I could have gone," he muttered.

Four hours later he had gone, and the fashion of his going was on this wise. He had resolved on being present at dinner, had dressed, and was slowly dragging himself down from the last landing, when he met Will, Dr. Tracy's colored boy, rushing up to the family-rooms.

"Miss Brackett! Where's Miss Brackett?" gasped he. Miss Brackett was the oldest nurse in the house, and devoted to the grandmother. A perception of the aged woman's need flashed across De Courcey's thought as Will stammered out,—

"The doctor says she's to come this minute. She's fell off'n her horse, and kilt herself dead gwine up the crag."

"Going up the Crag? Grandmother! Well, you are crazy. Grandmother never could—"

"'Tain't gran'mother, sir, that's dead. She's all right. It's Miss Alcastor."

"Miss Alcastor!" Twenty tongues made the noun an interjection; and the man went on, the words tumbling over and over one another from his trembling lips.

"Yes, she has just done killed herself; the pony he stumbled, an' fell over the steepest jut o' the bank, and the guide, he let the bridle break, and he tumbled on his back, an' all four hoofs up'ard, and Miss Alc'stor too, she was lyin' under him."

The next half hour in De Courcey's memory was a confused dream, as, upon the doctor's own horse, he went rushing across the country, tearing up the hills and down, trees, hedges, and fence-lines speeding away behind him, his lame leg hugging Mazeppa's side, and his hand never loosening the bridle-rein, until, at a small cottage at the foot of the Crag, he flung himself to the ground.

An open gate, the door flung wide, the odor of camphor, a couch wheeled to the middle of the narrow room, bending forms, and in the midst, more than all, and the center of all, a still, white face lying among pillows scarcely more still and white.

"Dead."

De Courcey did not speak the word, save as silent tongues speak words, in extremity sore as this to throbbing hearts. He only took a step forward, kneeled beside her there, and touched with lightest touch the finger-tips of the hand which fell over the bed-side. Was it that touch, they wondered then, all who stood near by, that tenderest touch, which brought back consciousness and flushed the pallid cheeks with a quick, fleeting color? An instant, and this tinge of color was gone; but in that instant the lifted lids had revealed the dark eyes, had shown De Courcey those soft, sad orbs in all their unspeakable sweetness. If she had passed that instant out beyond his mortal clasp, De Courcey would have kept that look through all his human life, and would have been thankful for it to the end. But Miss Alcastor did not die. From that day, as she will tell you, she began to live. She, to whom the world had been little else than a battle-field for her weak but resolute strivings, she, from that hour, began to learn how good it is to live the sheltered life of a woman beloved.

"Mrs. Edward De Courcey *nee* Alcastor." I heard not many days ago, a dove-like voice, which had to me a ring of old times, confide to a listening ear. It was near a country-seat, in the highlands of the Hudson, and a low basket-phaeton, drawn by gray ponies, had just bowled past. It held a lady and two children.

"She is beautiful, is she not? Those are her children. The boy is four, the girl two. Mrs. De Courcey is charming," and Miss Leslie, who spoke, gazed after the vanishing carriage.

And so goes the world of change, and with it Alice Leslie and her changed social feeling.—*Waverley.*

Pennsylvania Coal Fields.

The fearful loss of good material involved in mining and preparing anthracite, though greatly to be deplored, seems to be almost inevitable. The disposition of the coal in large, solid beds and highly inclined positions involves strong supports to keep the superincumbent mass from crushing and closing the avenues of the mine, and these supports must consist of heavy pillars wrought out in the solid coal itself. Some of this pillar coal is ultimately removed, but much of it is inevitably lost, especially in the larger beds, which are frequently found from twenty to sixty feet in thickness and often inclined at an angle of from forty to seventy degrees. It is estimated that not more than sixty per cent of the coal is ever taken out of the mines. That which is brought to the surface is run through a structure very properly called a "breaker," ingeniously devised for the destruction of coal. This process involves a loss of good coal equal to twenty or twenty-five per cent of the quantity mined. For the amount of coal wasted in mining (say forty per cent) and preparing (say twenty-five per cent) no one is paid; it is a dead loss to the landowner, miner and shipper. Plans for utilizing the waste coal dust or culm of anthracite collieries have been frequently suggested, but none have come into general use. The Anthracite Fuel Company at Port Ewen, on the Hudson, in 1877, used ninety per cent of coal dust and ten per cent of pitch, and made 300 tons of fuel per day, consuming 50,000 tons of culm annually. The Delaware and Hudson Company also use, at their mines, 60,000 tons per annum. They now ship all their coal down to pea sizes, and consume the culm for generating steam. If all our companies would follow this excellent example it would enable them to sell over half a million tons more coal and burn the same amount of refuse, thus earning or saving one half million dollars per annum. The Philadelphia and Reading Railroad Company has recently introduced a method of burning coal dust in the furnaces of its engines, and the plan appears to meet with entire success.—*Professor Shafer.*

BUTTERMILK PUDDING.—Two eggs, two cups of sugar, one-half cup of butter, one teaspoonful of soda, three cups of buttermilk; stir the flour in lightly, and pour into a greased tin. Bake one hour.

CORNSTARCH CAKE.—One cup of sugar, the whites of three eggs, one-half cup of sweet milk, one-half cup of cornstarch, one cup of flour, one-half cup of butter, one-half teaspoonful of soda, two-thirds teaspoonful of cream of tartar.

GINGER SNAPS.—Take two eggs, one cup brown sugar, two cups molasses, one cup heaping full of lard, little salt; beat well together; set upon the stove until it boils; add two tablespoonfuls each ginger and soda, covered with four tablespoonfuls of boiling water; mix soft; roll thick for cookies, or mix stiff and roll thin for snaps. They are delicious.

A LOOK AHEAD.—"So now you are a B. A. What do you intend to do?"

"Oh, I'm going to take my degree and then be a professor, and then I'm going to hurry through my thirty years so as to be entitled to my retiring pension as soon as possible, and then I shall enjoy my well-earned rest."—*Parisian Witticism.*

Wood, of the New York *Sun*, got the title of the "Great American Condenser" by knocking one of the ps out of pepper. No newspaper man will ever knock 'em out of coffee.

The Boy-Hero of Crecy.

The English army moved rapidly forward and northward toward Calais, conquering everything on its way, till, when in the neighborhood of Crecy, the intelligence came that the French king, Philip, with an army of one hundred and twenty thousand men and all the chivalry of France, had come in between it and the sea. There was no retreat possible. Edward had but thirty thousand to oppose this great host. They were four to one. He was in a dangerous spot, also; but after a time he succeeded in getting away to a good position, and there he awaited the onset. No one will doubt that he was anxious enough, and yet what did he do? After arranging his troops in battle order. three battalions deep, he sent young Edward, his son, to the very front with a group of his finest barons to take the brunt of the terrible charge to come!

Edward made it a point of duty to keep out of the battle altogether. He was nowhere to be seen. He went into a windmill on a hight near by, and watched the fight through one of the narrow windows in its upper story. He would not even put on his helmet. That was the way the father stood by his son—by showing absolute confidence in him, and denying himself all the glory that might come from a great and important battle. And the young fellow was a thousandfold nerved and strengthened by knowing that his father fully trusted in him.

I need not give the details of the battle. It is sufficient to know that the first line of the French chivalry charged with the utmost fury.

Among these was John, King of Bohemia, who with his barons and knights was not behindhand in the deadly onset; and yet this king was old and blind! He *would* have his stroke in the battle, and he plunged into it with his horse tied by its reins to one of his knights on either side. A plume of three ostrich feathers waved from his helmet, and the chroniclers say he laid about him well. After the battle, he and his two companions were found dead, with their horses tied together.

But although the French were brave, they were not wise. For not only had they brought on the fight with headlong energy before they were prepared, but they had allowed Edward to place himself so that the afternoon sun, then near its setting, blazed full in their eyes and faces. Edward's army fought in the shadow. The terrible English bowmen sent their cloth-yard arrows so thick and fast into the dazzled and crowded ranks of fifteen thousand Genoese archers and the intermingled men-at-arms, that the missiles filled the air like snow. The Genoese were thrown into confusion, and this spread throughout the whole French army. The French king, with some of his dukes, flew foaming over the field, trying in vain to get up in time to swell the onset upon the English front. But the onset had proved hard enough as it was. The knights around the young prince were frightened for his safety. One of them, Sir Thomas of Norwich, was sent back to Edward to ask him to come to the assistance of the prince.

"Sir Thomas," said the king, "is my son dead or unhorsed, or so wounded that he cannot help himself?"

"Not so, my lord, thank God; but he is fighting against great odds, and and is like to have need of your help."

"Sir Thomas," replied the king, "return to them who sent you, and tell them from me not to send for me, whatever chance befall them, so long as my son is alive, and tell them that I bid them let the lad win his spurs; for I wish, if God so desire, that the day should be his, and the honor thereof remain to him and to those to whom I have given him in charge."

And there he stayed in the windmill till the battle was over. Soon the cry of victory reached him as the French fled in the darkness, leaving their dead strewn upon the field. Now the young prince appeared covered with all the glory that his father had coveted for him, bearing the ostrich plume which he had taken from the dead king of Bohemia. The boy rode up with his visor raised,—his face was as fair as a girl's, and glowed under a crown of golden hair. He bore his trophy aloft, and when it was placed as a knightly decoration above the crest of his helmet, he little thought that the triple tuft was to wave for more than five hundred years, even to this day, on England's front, for such it does, and that, next to the crown, there shall be no badge so proudly known as the three feathers which nod above the coronet of the Prince of Wales. Albert Edward, son of Queen Victoria, now wears it because Edward, the Prince of Wales, when still in his teens, won it at Crecy.
—TREADWELL WALDEN, in *St. Nicholas.*

THE STRENGTH OF CALIFORNIA WINES.—"I hear that it has been decided to have nothing but native California wines at the Grant banquet in San Francisco," remarked a man in C street yesterday.

"Yes; that's the idea," said half a dozen within hearing.

The first speaker was lost in reflection for several minutes, when he continued:

"It'll make trouble, sure, if they use California wines."

Every man in the group seemed to be fishing up something from his memory, and one after another they expressed their views.

"That's so," said one.

"It was five years ago," said the first speaker, "that I first tackled California champagne. I called on a lady and she opened two bottles. I drank both, all but one glass. Pretty soon I insulted the lady, beat her poodle to death with a chair, kicked a child, broke up the mirror and gas fixtures, and was dragged out of the house by the police. Next day the husband came after me with a six-shooter and demanded an explanation. I simply told him that his wife had opened some California wine. He grasped me by the hand and said no apologies were necessary."

Here every listener looked a moment at the speaker, and they all murmured in concert:

"You bet; I've been there."—*N. Y. World.*

Musical Notes.

Why is it that so many of our young people who study music fail to make good musicians? I think the fault lies about equally with parents, teachers and scholars. How many teachers do we all know who, if asked to play in company, are compelled to decline for the simple reason that they cannot play? Now it is utterly impossible for a person to teach music unless they can exemplify their teachings. I have heard people make the assertion that a person, although no player, might be a competent teacher; but it is folly to claim that the technical part of piano playing can be successfully taught by a person who knows nothing about it. A teacher who understands music can, by striking a chord, show a pupil how that chord should be struck, and do it in a minute; while a great deal of time may be used up explaining it orally and very little information be imparted. Such a teacher, we will say, takes a young girl as a pupil and starts her on an exercise to develop the fingers. The exercise is practiced one or two hours a day for perhaps three days and then dropped for a new one. The pupil is under the impression that as soon as she can strike the correct notes with sufficient rapidity the exercise is of no further use. After a few weeks of this kind of practice a "piece" must come, which to meet the ability of the pupil must be of the simplest character. This piece is learned and admired by papa and mamma; consequently others must be learned, to the neglect of exercises. The teacher furnishes the music to the pupil at a profit and does not care how many pieces are taken, and thus, through the shortsightedness of parents and teachers, the pupil is entirely ruined as a musician; for these same little pieces tend to pervert the taste for good music. The teacher is blamable for giving the "piece," the pupil for wanting it and the parents for encouraging their use.

My theory is this: Take a pupil in whom there is talent, and put him from the first under a competent and conscientious teacher. Such a teacher will keep the pupil on exercises alone until the technique is formed. It will take a good while and will be dry work, but months and even years can be profitably employed on exercises alone. When the technique is formed the pupil will be sufficiently advanced to commence the study and practice of first-class music. The best composers have written music for the use of amateurs. Beethoven's "easy sonatas," Dusseks' "sonatas," etc., are excellent music and quite easy. In learning a new piece I find it best to take it away from an instrument and study it thoroughly, noting every little expression mark and every peculiarity of the piece. Then take it to the instrument and read it over exactly as it is written, paying the very closest attention to all marks, every one of which has its use. A very common error with musicians is the habit of playing everything not marked staccato as though it was slurred. This is very wrong and very bad. When it is neither slurred or marked staccato, every note should be cut off promptly before the next one is reached, otherwise they will run in together and give the passage a careless, slouchy, slipshod sound. There are many musical terms that are synonymous if you take the dictionary for it, while there is really a considerable difference in their meaning. Thus "Una Corda" and "P" both mean softly, but the first means that the soft pedal must be employed while the latter does not. Another great defect in playing is in the way explosive chords are often played. Light octave or chord passages should be played from the wrist, the fingers striking the keys lightly and the hand bounding up perpendicularly like a rubber ball, the arm remaining perfectly still; but an explosive chord marked ff, with a small triangular sign over it, should be taken with the arm; strike hard with the loud pedal on; the stroke must be made as short as possible and the hands and the loud pedal instantly and simultaneously removed. The hands in leaving the keys should rise perpendicularly and with a spring. If either the hands or pedal are not removed in time it leaves the chord with a drag to it which ruins the effect. To conclude: What is necessary after talent to make a successful performer is a thorough and continual practice of such exercises as those of Czerny, Plaisly, Moscheles and Heller, which will train the fingers and form the technique; afterwards the careful study of the works of such composers as Beethoven, Chopin, Henselt and others, and the entire exclusion of trashy music. If a piece is written allegro, do not play it moderato. Study each movement and give it its proper time. When a performer has learned to master Beethoven's op. 7, Chopin's op. 40, and such music, there is a world of pleasure and enjoyment opened up. Let me recommend one brilliant and pleasing piano duet and then stop—"Radieuse"—by Gottschalk.—*Household.*

THE BOYS OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.—The young Princes of Wales, on board the *Bacchante*, will be treated like other officers of their ages and standing, except that they will have a private cabin under the poop. They will join the gun-room mess, the members of which will be granted a special allowance, as was the case when the Duke of Edinburgh commenced his naval career. When the *Britannia* school broke up for the holidays there were 176 cadets on board. Both Princes obtained a first-class in the examination in seamanship, which entitles them to three months sea-time, and for general good conduct obtained another three months. Several of the officers and instructors received handsome presents from the Princes as souvenirs. The young Princes will be accompanied by the naval instructor, the Rev. Mr. Dalton.

A man in Lexington, Va., mailed a letter to a fictitious name in Japan, with a request that it be returned if not called for, and started it by the way of the Atlantic. His object was to see how long it would be in going around the world. It came back by the way of San Francisco in just 100 days.

A Father's Heroism to Screen His Son's Crime.

Not a great while since a prominent physician of Denver, Colorado, was called to attend a patient in the last stages of what appeared to be consumption, but which, upon examination, proved to be simply a wearing away of life—a decay of the energies of mind and body. Although well supplied with money, the stranger was seemingly without friends or relatives. He wrote no letters and received none. An alien to the tenderness and charities which sanctify the affections, he seemed to be drifting out of the world, in which, for him all the flowers of the heart had perished—a bleak and desolate old man, hastening out of the sunshine into the shadow of the grave. After making a thorough examination of the case, the doctor told him that although he could find no organized disease, yet he was dying.

"I know it," replied the patient.

"But have you no idea of what brought you to this plight?" inquired the interested man of science.

"It is a curious phenomena. You have heard a great deal about cases like mine—more as a visionary exaggeration of the fancy than as an actual occurrence—but strange as it may appear, I am dying, as you say—of a broken heart."

"You surprise me!"

"Yes, I surprise myself. I did not come to your health-giving climate as others do—in search of a longer lease of life—but to die in peace and alone."

"But have you no friends?" asked the doctor.

"None that I can claim. My past is sealed with the shadow of a crime, and over my nameless grave not even a memory must hover. I am already dead to all who ever knew my name."

"You say you are a criminal?" pursued the doctor.

"No, I am none. But I assume the stigma to shield another."

"And that other?"

"Was my son."

"What was the nature of the crime?"

The physician's curiosity had got the better of his prudence. The shadows of twilight were falling around them. Through the open window streamed the soft brilliance of the dying day. Clouds of amethyst and purple floated lazily on the far-off hills. But in the chamber where the fevered breath was drawn quick and short there was a hushed stillness which seemed in keeping with ghostly shadows.

"It was murder."

"And was fixed on you?"

"On me—I assumed it, and then escaped—but not to evade the vengeance of the law, but to spare to him I loved the stigma of a felon's death."

"How long ago was this?"

"Twelve years."

"And you have been a wanderer ever since?"

"Ever since!"

The feeble pulse was fluttering—the glazing eyes sheathed under waxen lids, and the shattered form was growing rigid momentarily.

"Will you tell me no more?" whispered the physician.

"It is all I have to tell!"

The next instant the man was dead. He had kept his secret and sacrificed his life in keeping it.

The Fall of Ingersoll.

In his opposition to prevailing religious opinions, Colonel Ingersoll has assumed to take his stand on the ground of common sense. This was the burden of his lecture on "ghosts," his denunciation of the doctrine of "hell," and other discourses. We are sorry to see, from the platform adopted by the national liberal league, of which he was a moving spirit, that he has abandoned that ground.

The platform classes "tramps" with honest unemployed workingmen, and objects to legislation to suppress the nuisance. There is no common sense in this.

It repeats the familiar nonsense of the soft-money men to the effect that "the currency of the country" is in "the hands of usurers, speculators and a banking aristocracy." There is no common sense in this.

It demands that the title to land "shall depend upon its use" and its ownership "be limited in amount for the public benefit." There is no common sense in this.

It demands that "the income of corporations" beyond "a reasonable compensation to the incorporators," shall "go to the government." There is no common sense in this.

It demands that "in our national, state and municipal legislation" the people shall pass "upon all public and important laws" directly "through their own votes, as is now done in adopting our constitutions." There is no common sense in this.

The fall of Ingersoll from common sense is one of the most melancholy spectacles of the day.—*New York Evening Post.*

It was a very wet summer; the rain had poured down incessantly for some weeks; and the hope of the husbandman had well-nigh failed. A Highland minister mounted the pulpit and began to wrestle most powerfully with the Lord in prayer. A transient blink of sunshine inspired the pious man with holy confidence, and he felt conscious of being the favorite of heaven—when lo! on a sudden, the heavens were darkened, the thunder roared, and the impetuous torrent seemed to threaten a second deluge. Unable to restrain his vexation, the disappointed preacher cried out, in a transport of holy rage—"Weel, weel, pelt on, good Lord, and spoil all the poor folk's corn, as you did last year—you'll hae muckle mense by your handywork!"

"Gentlemen," said a radical French mayor at a recent farmers' festival, according to the Paris *Figaro*, "I drink to the Republic, which to-day has made you free, and to-morrow will make you belligerent."

In spite of total blindness, Francis Huber became "the greatest and most accurate observer of bees that ever lived," making effective use of the educated eyes of his wife and servant

The Question of the Schools.

When a man of sense prepares to take a journey he does not fill his trunk with a little shabby linen and a great many cheap scarf-pins and sleasy embroidered slippers. On the contrary, he packs in reasonable compass a goodly number of serviceable garments in excellent repair, and goes forth neat, wholesome, and of an equal mind, appropriately fitted for his journey and his work.

This man goes on his journey and his children stay behind, for the famous public school of their ward or district demands their presence, and the absent father's orders are strict; they must be prepared for the greater journey of life and its business. Week after week their young heads are stuffed with a little information on a great number of subjects—astronomy, physiology, drawing, vocal music, German, natural philosophy, grammar, etymology—in short, plenty of cheap scarf-pins and slippers. The sturdy, every-day needs of serviceable arithmetic (not glib memorized sets of figures), of accurate and brightly intelligent reading, of easy writing and correct speech, fare badly among such a host of studies. They are brushed over hastily and by rote, like all the others, and shabby enough they are as they are packed away among the scarf-pins for that long and busy journey. The precise and intimate knowledge of common branches without which no man can be decently equipped for work of any sort, is discarded for what Mr. Charles Francis Adams aptly calls "veneer and sham."

The experiment of "smatter" has been sufficiently tried in the American public schools. It is a sort of decorative art of which we have had a great deal too much. There is in most of our cities a vast school expenditure to little purpose. While the *Tribune* has no mind to preach economy in this direction, it has a reasonable desire to see all this money used with common sense and honest discretion. There is something too much of drawing and vocal music, of 'ology, about the school course. The frantic enthusiasm about drawing which animated school boards and superintendents several years ago is getting cooler and cooler; in many places the number of drawing teachers has been reduced, and a pitiful effort is made to train the regular teachers to the work. This enthusiasm unfortunately has cost a great deal of money, and the chief practical result has been that a number of stiff drawings were exhibited at the Centennial celebration in Philadelphia. Whatever good in the way of handiwork this study in our schools has accomplished, could have been brought about in a wiser way. The "training of the eye" and "cultivation of the tastes" so much talked about by some of the people who make their living by teaching drawing in these schools, have, in all truth and sadness, never yet been discerned. To use the language of common sense, this is trash. The training to read with intelligence and appreciative understanding one famous masterpiece of the English language would be worth in the way of cultivation a thousand of these drawing lessons.

Possibly one pupil in five hundred has some impulse given to his hand in drawing which may make him in after-life a better mechanic. The other 499 have meanwhile acquired no deftness which will assist them on the farm, in the counting-room, or in the kitchen. Why should all these be wrongly busied for the sake of one? It is not unlikely that the solution of the much-discussed problem of industrial education lies in the establishment of well-equipped and thoroughly-taught free technical schools in every city and large town. The cutting off of the superfluities which now only lead to "veneer and sham" would save large sums which could be put to no better use. To these schools could be sent those children who by natural bent would belong therein. There is no danger but that sufficient time could be found both for an improved public-school course and a technical school course. That changes are on the way to be made in nearly every State. As our readers are aware, the door is ajar in the Boston primary schools—in that Boston which, having tried all the "new ideas" in education, is now settling upon that most excellent one, the "Quincy plan." Hereafter the little people of that great city are to be "taught," instead of being made to memorize and gabble by platoons. They are to acquire, not a glittering varnish, but a nimble intelligence which will take them out into the world in good case, and give to their minds the same comfort and readiness which stout and well-fitting clothes give to their bodies.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

HEAVIEST, TALLEST, AND OLDEST MEN.—The tallest men of whom record is made were a German named Hans Bar and a Hungarian soldier, name not given, who lived several centuries ago, each of them being eleven feet high; their weight is not known. The heaviest man of whom record is made was Miles Darden, the Tennessee giant, who was seven and one-half feet high, and weighed over one thousand pounds; he died in 1857. Daniel Lambert, the English "mass of flesh," was five feet and eleven inches in height, and weighed seven hundred and thirty-nine pounds. In 1565 there was buried at Bengal, India, a man named Cugna, who claimed to be three-hundred and fifty years of age. The oldest person who died during the present century was a Frenchman in Paris, named Jean Golembeski, who was one hundred and twenty-six years old. A man named David Kurnison died in Chicago in 1851, who claimed to be one hundred and sixteen years old.—*Chicago Journal.*

ZANZIBAR'S MONARCH.—The Sultan of Zanzibar is getting very civilized. He has practically suppressed the slave trade, and with a determined hand. He gives dinner parties in a European fashion, with music from an excellent band, decorated *menus* and all sorts of luxuries. His Highness drives out in a carriage and four, with six outriders in carlet and gold.

Wit and Humor.

Madame Oyster is now having her fall opening.

When a corner loafer dies in Tennessee, the newspaper says—"Another old landmark gone."

A paper advertises for sale a pew which "commands a view of nearly the whole congregation."

A Chicago ladder-maker ran away with another man's wife a few weeks ago. Pass him around.

This was what a dentist, who seized a victim's molar, once said: "Piece-ably if I can, forcep-ly if I must."

Married ladies will please look up their husbands. Fanny Davenport is coming.—[Buffalo Express.

The shrewd old granger who wants a lot of land broken up now gets up a plowing match for a prize of $5.

The man who invented the gas meter has achieved the nearest approach to perpetual motion that we will ever see.

Americans are not allowed the privilege of suffrage in the Arctic regions. At least nobody has ever gotten to the poles.

"Doctor, examine my tongue," said a good woman, "and tell me what it needs." "It needs rest," replied the doctor.

"By their fruits shall ye know them" was written long before the small boy carried home apples in the legs of his trousers.—[New York Express.

The report is without foundation that the limberger cheese factories in this country are not making a scent.—[Steubenville Sunday Chronicle.

One reason, says the Detroit *Free Press*, why children like their mother the best is because she rarely can find the bootjack until after the occasion has passed away.

A lady told her little son, who was teasing for something to eat, to wait until breakfast. With a tear in his eye, he burst out: "I jest honestly sometimes think you're a stepmother!"

A very weak tenor in Dublin singing feebly caused one of the gods to shout to an acquaintance across the gallery, "Corney, what noise is that?" "Be-dad," said Corney, "I believe it's the gas whistlin' in the pipe."

EASY ENOUGH.—The Rome *Sentinel* has an article on "How to Detect Ripe Watermelons." That's easily done, says the Boston *Post*. You eat the melon, and if it doesn't give you a grip like a Free Mason it is ripe.

In these piping days of peace there is room for only one more pad. The heart, lungs, liver, kidneys and throat having been padded, somebody should bring out the mouth-pad with the motto: "Stick up and shut up."

Bridget (to caller). "Will ye kape still a minnit while I look at ye? No, missis hain't to home. She told me, if a woman come with a wart on the ind av a red nose to say she wusn't at home; an' there's no mistakin' that wart."

"Is this sweet engaged?" asked a young fellow of a young lady in a car. And he said it so handsomely, and with such evident admiration, that she took her bonnet-box off the seat, and let him sit beside her. And—but we anticipate.

"What did you do then?" asked Colonel George, after badgering a witness in the Lowell railroad case, at Salem. "I went to the rescue, like a lawyer for a man's pocket-book," replied the witness, and the retort was enjoyed all around.

A woman who was having her first introduction to the telephone was told by the operator to place the instrument to her ear and listen to the words the wire would speak to her. "And now," she said in all innocence, "shall I talk with the other ear?"

"This," said the dentist, "is my office."

"And that?" inquired a visitor, pointing to the apartment where stood a tooth-pulling chair.

"Ah, that," replied the proprietor—"that is my drawing-room."

THE PARSON.—"I'm very sorry to hear, Mrs. Brown, that you were present, last night, at a Plymouth Brethren's tea-meeting. I have often told you that these doctrines are highly erroneous." Mrs. Brown.—"Erron'ous sir, their doctrine may be; but their cake, with Sultany raisins, is excellent!"

Old Lady.—"Boy, boy, isn't this very dangerous?" Boy.—"Werry dangerous indeed, marm; there was a lady a ridin' up here last year and the donkey fell and the lady were chucked over the cliff and killed." Old Lady—"Good gracious! Was the donkey killed too?" Boy.—"No, marm; that's the werry donkey."—[Fun.

A small boy with a big cent in his hand stood before a Michigan Avenue grocery for a long time yesterday before making up his mind to enter. When asked what he desired, he inquired:

"If a boy should come here and get trusted for a stick of gum, how much would it be?"

"One cent," was the reply.

"And if a boy should come here with the cash, how much would it be?"

"Just the same."

"Then I guess I'll get trusted," quietly replied the financier as he slipped the cent down into his pocket. —*Detroit Free Press.*

On High street, a boy of ten, richly dressed, sat on the steps eating an orange, and a boy with a cart-load of picked-up wood stood across the street looking at him. The contrast was very great, and a pedestrian who saw the situation said to the poor boy:

"That chap over there is pretty well fixed, isn't he?"

"Yes," was the brief reply.

There was a minute of silence, and then the boy with the cart started up his load, saying—

"But I don't care a cent about it—he has to eat with a fork and say "yes ma'am" to everybody."

Housewives who buy scales and reweigh their packages from the grocery will have the satisfaction of learning from the grocer that their scales are not within a mile of being correct.

None are overstocked with patience.

Breaking Colts.

Colts, says the *National Live Stock Journal*, should be halter-broken when following the mare; it helps to subdue them, and supersedes the necessity of breaking them over again when grown up. "Once broken always broken" is an axiom as old as the art of breeding. It is advisable to break them to harness at two and one-half or three years old. They will receive no injury from careful usage in light vehicles. The most practical mode of subduing wild colts is to hitch them up with a well-broken horse, and teach them, by example, to perform service.

The first step is to bit the colt—to make him bridle wise. This is accomplished by checking up the head with the bitting bridle. They may be turned into the yard to run at large, taking care that their heads are not left strained up more than one hour at a time. The head should be let down often to give the neck rest. It will prevent their contracting a coarse, unpleasant hog mouth. After they become accustomed to the bit they should be driven in harness, without any load, for several days till they yield implicit obedience to the bit, and obey with alacrity the word of command. They will become comparatively broken by the simple process of suppling the neck, and teaching them to stop and go forward at the will of the driver. They will seldom offer any resistance when hitched to the vehicle. Patience and perseverance will accomplish wonders in horseflesh. Intelligent instruction improves the disposition and develops the speed and endurance of colts—essential qualities in the roadster. The more good qualities developed when young, the greater will be the merits of the recipients. Those subjects that will do the most work in the least time are the most profitable to the owner. It costs no more to keep or raise the fast worker than it does the slow mongrel. The former will perform twice the service of the latter. The best are the cheapest to wear out; besides there is pleasure in using a superior animal.

Colts should be broken to harness before they get so strong as to control the driver. They are not perfectly developed for hard work before they are five years old. Gentle usage at light work for one or two years will bring them into submission. They will become accustomed to different kinds of service, and the force of habit will make them kind and trustworthy. When broken under the law of kindness, they seldom contract vicious habits—they are not naturally vicious; they are made so by ignorant or brutal drivers. Incompetent trainers make balky horses. They use too much brute force without reason or common sense. They appeal to the lowest passions, in place of intelligent instruction. Reason is better than force to govern the horse—kindness is the weapon to subdue the wild colt. This humane law removes terror, and secures the confidence of the colt in his driver; and so long as that confidence is not abused, he will yield implicit obedience to the word of command. When the wild colt is trained under the law of force, he becomes terror-stricken with fear, and fights back to relieve himself from oppression; and, having the advantage of superior strength, often triumphs over his trainer, and contracts the vice of rebellion. This vice lives on to be interred with his bones.

How to Train a Grape Vine.

One of the old questions that is ever new, is how to train a grapevine. The books will tell you all about it. Oh, yes, nothing easier. There is your renewal system and your alternate system, and Thomeny system, and dear knows how many other systems, that look so beautiful in the cuts; but when the ordinary man gets in front of a rampant vine that has had its own way in the past, he fails to see how any system will fit in. The fact is, to carry out any systematic training one must begin with a young vine and carry it through for several years. With an old vine little more can be done than to prune out the old wood and get the young wood evenly distributed over the trellis. Our strong native vines refuse to be cramped by any of the close-pruning methods, and go off in a rush of watershoots when so hemmed in. The Delaware is one of the best to try experiments on, as it yields kindly to any treatment. Our vineyardists have been in the habit of pruning back pretty closely, leaving only three or four eyes to shoot, but of late years they are leaving on more wood. Last fall a fruit-grower from the Hudson river told us of a system in use in Ulster county which took its name from the man who first introduced it, a Mr. Kniffen. Only two wires are used on the trellis, and these are four and six feet from the ground. The vine is first carried to the top wire; then four side-shoots grown and trained to the wires for permanent arms. These are kept about two feet in length, and from them are grown the bearing shoots each year, four or five to each arm. These shoots are allowed to grow their full length and hang down towards the ground. Each fall they are pruned back to a single bud and a new set grown the next year. This system has the merit of simplicity and can be readily tested in the vineyard or with a few garden vines.—*Eastern Paper.*

An experienced dairyman states that he considers the critical point in the process of churning, in order to make good butter, is just when the butter and buttermilk begin to separate. Two or three gallons of cold strong brine added to the churning at this moment, he claims, wonderfully facilitates the process, and improves the condition of the butter; the warmer the cream the more brine is needed and the more important this part of the work. He also suggests that only brine should be used in washing the butter.

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A. J. SPENCER, M. D.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 19, 1879.
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The ladies of my household, four in number, unite with me in pronouncing your PHOSPHATE SOAP the best ever tried for toilet use. It is noticeable that while it readily removes impurities from the skin, it also leaves undisturbed the natural oil so essential to the health. It is not too strong language to say that we are delighted with it.
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Standard Soap Co.—Gentlemen:
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WOODLAND STANDARD.

DWIGHT L. HACKETT, ...EDITOR.

WOODLAND, CAL, ...NOV. 15, 1879

An Indian Romance.

Rev. Alex. Wright, a chaplain in the United States army, narrates to the readers of the last number of the Steubenville (O.) *Press* a true but tristful romance of the late Princess Monica, a daughter of Spotted Tail. This narrative is the more interesting in that it explains the uniformly peaceful attitude of that chief towards the whites. A short time ago Monica visited Fort Laramie, to look upon the pale faces and their manner of living. She was shown around by a handsome young lieutenant of a calvalry regiment, and thanking him for his courtesy, said she loved him. The surprised and flattered officer told her that she must not love him, as his heart was placed among the pale faced girls in an Ohio town. Monica visited the fort on the day following that on which she lost her freedom and so, for many weeks, in plain, neat attire, the poor girl sat throughout the afternoon on the officers' quarters. The great Sioux chief, whose warriors outnumber those of Sitting Bull, was notified of the conduct of his best beloved daughter, and he sent her to a little camp in the Rock Mountain. One day a courier arrived at the chief's camp with the tidings that Monica was dying. Spotted Tail rode with all haste to her side, and heard her farewell injunction: "My chief, live with the pale-faces in peace, and bury Monica on the hill before the fort." Gen. Maynadier, commander of the post, Col. Bullock, the post trader, and Chaplain Wright gave the body Christian burial: The grave is a point of interest to travelers, as Fort Laramie is approached on the Cheyenne road. Gen. Maynadier testifies as to the truthfulness of the girl's death from a broken heart and to the effect it has had upon the Sioux.

The Tramp.

The tramp is a new phenomenon up on this continent. Whence does he come? It is a complex problem. Formerly, America was building 5,000 to 8,000 miles of railroad per year. Many thousands of laborers, endowed with little but mere muscle, were spading those endless lines of embankments. That work is measurably done. The vast multiplication of labor-saving machinery has enormously increased the demand for educated, skilled labor; but the world has less and less a place for the two-fisted bog-trotter and clumsy clodhopper. The work which these can perform pertains less and less to the world's life. They sink lower in every facet and fibre of their being, as humanity sweeps onward and past them. They drift toward poverty, beggary and stolid despair. Their mental and physical characteristics are hardening into hereditary types. We are breeding up a mighty swarm of human beings as parasitical, verminous loathsome, as the lazzaroni of Naples.

And what are we doing to cure this great evil? We must do all; Nature will do nothing for us. She loves and multiplies her baser types. We must overcome them, as ever in the realm of nature, by specil and artificial methods. —[Professor Norton, of the State Normal School.

ORGIN OF LANGUAGE.—A Frenchman named Clairefond has published a small work in which he revives the argument that the earleist, attempts at human speech were imitations of natural sounds or cries of animals; and he contends that out of recollections and repetitions of these sound the names of certain natural phenomena, and of animals and other objects, originated. He finds numerons examples in the French language, and thinks that proofs might be found in other languages if search were made and suggests that the Geographical Society of Paris might furnish instructions to their travelers to collect from among the natives of different countries all the sounds traceable to the source indicated above. M. Clairefond is of opinion that the series of sounds, words and expression thus collected would aid in the discovery of the origin of language. Taken in connection with natural sounds, the origin of words in our own language—such as thunder, sigh, whisper—becomes evident.

A clergyman being requested to address a weary meeting at a late hour, won the hearts of the audience by saying, "'Speech is silvern; silence is golden.' I don't happen to have any small change for you this evening, and so will let you off with the gold!"

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Gallery Positively NOT Open on Sundays.

J. W. KING, Photo.

P. S.—My View Wagon is at all times in readiness to make trips to any part of the county. Views of residences, etc., at reduced rates, and warranted superior do anything of the sort ever done in the country. Now is your time. See to it. KING, Photo.

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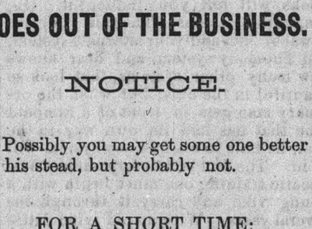

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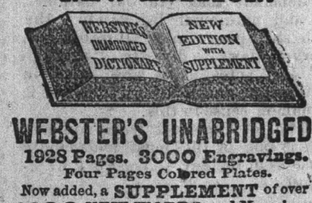

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